

The Complete Works of
William Shakespeare

Reprinted from the First Folio
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and H. A. Clarke *With an*
Introduction by John Churton
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Vol. VII

Henry the Fifth

The First Part of Henry the Sixth

The Second Part of Henry the Sixth

2527

2555

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RETROCONVERTED
B. C. S. C. L.

EXPLANATORY

Text

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *postical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹*blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on;
1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos,
all substantially agreeing; Qq. equals all early Quartos.
2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on;
2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.
l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFT

**First printed imperfectly in Quartos, 1600, 1602,
1608**

**The First Folio, 1623, represents the authoritative
text**

Henry V A

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

HENRY THE FIFTH is a chronological continuation of 'Henry the Fourth.' The Second Part of the latter places Henry V upon the throne, while the present play narrates his warlike deeds. The broad comedy of 'Henry the Fourth' is almost entirely omitted. Falstaff's death is related, and his companions have sorry parts. This play is a romantic historical drama.

In Act I Henry V plans a campaign against France. He lays claim to that throne and declares war. The Dauphin meets his demands with contempt, for the French prince has small regard for a king who had cared little for his dignity when Prince of Wales.

But King Henry has made good his promise to renounce his former wild companions and to play a kingly part (Act Ist). He levies a large army and prepares to embark. A French plot against his life is discovered and thwarted.

Act III tells of the storming and capture of Harfleur by the English, who afterward are greatly reduced by hardships and sickness. A French force outnumbering them five to one is led against them by the Dauphin.

The two armies meet at Agincourt. The French are so sure of victory (Act IV) that they cast dice in advance for the spoils. The English king goes privately through his own camp to learn the temper of

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his men, and finds them resolute and watchful. The battle is fought and results in a disgraceful defeat for the French.

They are forced to sue for peace (Act V). King Henry's terms call for the recognition of himself as heir to the French throne. He also asks the hand of the Princess Katharine, and wins it in a wooing scene marked by some confusion of languages.

SOURCES

Shakespeare's indebtedness to 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth' for his material used in 'Henry IV' and 'Henry V' has been mentioned in the Introduction to the First Part of 'Henry IV.' But in 'Henry V' the playwright obtains few ideas from the older play, the incident of Pistol and the French soldier and the wooing scene being the chief parallels.

Holinshed's 'Chronicles' is the principal source of the present play, the facts as there narrated being closely adhered to. In places the drama seems to be almost a poetic paraphrase of the original, but elsewhere the playwright has varied from the historian for the sake of dramatic effect.

The idea of a historical drama has been more strictly followed than in the preceding two parts of 'Henry IV.' There warlike fact was placed side by side with humorous fancy, with seemingly reckless disregard of ultimate flavour. But when the madcap Prince Hal ceases to sow his wild oats, the playwright stiffens into counter-dignity. He does away with the riotous Falstaffe, although he had promised in the Epilogue to 'Henry IV' to continue him. The corpulent knight is allowed later to make another appearance to his dis-

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advantage in 'Merry Wives.' But for the present the dramatist, like his hero, will have nothing to do with him. Other comic characters and scenes are held in abeyance, the play's latitude being along the lines of high-sounding history and pageantry.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period is from April 30, 1414, the opening of Parliament at Leicester, to May 20, 1420, the betrothal of Henry to Katharine. The stage period covers ten days. A Chorus tells the audience of the lapse of historic time. The ten days run as follows: Day 1, Act I, scenes i and ii. Day 2, Act II, scene i. Day 3, Act II, scenes ii and iii. Day 4, Act II, scene iv. Day 5, Act III, scenes i, ii, and iii. Scene iv is reckoned with a previous interval. Day 6, Act III, scene v. Day 7, Act III, scene vi. Day 8, Act III, scene vii. The whole of Act IV is placed in a historic interval. Day 9, Act V, scene i. Day 10, Act V, scene ii.

Shakespeare has here more openly violated the old-school notions of unity of time and place than in any other play. In 'Winter's Tale' he later used the same device of Time as a Chorus, to whom he openly gave 'power to overthrow law and in one self-born hour to plant and overwhelm custom.' But 'Henry V' was written in an earlier period when the classic unities were still greatly in vogue, and it is so constant a disregard of those principles as to proclaim his utter divorce from them. He seems to argue that, if the stirring scenes he is striving to depict could only be put in narrators' mouths, according to the Greek school, there would be small need of the imagination, whereas

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the imagination was clearly needed to reinforce the scenic poverty of the Elizabethan stage, where 'four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill-disposed, can only disgrace the name of Agincourt.' This speech of his Cherus seems to refer to Sidney's comment on the same subject, in his 'Apologie for Poetry': 'Two armies flye in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?'

Since the idea of the romantic school, therefore, was different from the classic, and the spectator's imagination one of the fixed assets of the play, there was no necessity for the limits of time and place; and this is the conclusion to which Shakespeare arrived more pronouncedly in 'Henry V' than in any other play.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'Henry V' may be ascribed with exactness to the year 1599. Meres does not mention it in 1598, although he does mention 'Henry IV.' A Quarto edition of 'Henry V' was published in 1600. An even closer date reference is given in an allusion to Essex in the Prologue to Act V. Essex went to Ireland, March 27, 1599, to suppress Tyrone's rebellion, and returned on September 28 of the same year. The play was evidently performed during his absence. Another reference to the same year is given by the mention of the Globe Theatre in the Prologue, which theatre was built in 1599.

EARLY EDITIONS

'Henry V' was entered upon the 'Stationers' Register' August 4, 1600, where it was marked together with

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‘Much Adoe’ and ‘As You Like It,’ ‘to be staied.’ But ten days later it was again entered among the copies assigned to Thomas Pavyer. The Quarto edition published in 1600 bore the following title:

‘The Chronicle History of Henry the fifth. With his battell fought at Agin Court in France, Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.’

The Second Quarto appeared in 1602, with the same title, except that the imprint ran: ‘London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pavier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602.’

The same title appeared on a Third Quarto of 1608.

The First Folio, 1623, is entitled ‘The Life of Henry the Fifth.’ It occupies twenty-seven pages, from page 69 to page 95, inclusive, under histories. But there is a break in the pagination at this point. The preceding play ends on page 102. ‘Henry V’ is divided into acts, but lacks the scenes and *Dramatis Personæ*, which were afterward added by Rowe.

The Folio does not depend upon the Quarto for its text, but presents a full and generally satisfactory version. The Quarto reading is faulty. It omits all the Prologues and the Epilogue, as well as about five hundred lines of the play proper. Its speaking parts are abridged and confused, and it is full of minor errors. It was evidently a shorthand version made from a stage performance, to be sold in pirated form.

**THE LIFE OF
HENRY THE FIFT**

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Fifth.*

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMOR-
RIS, JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES *the Sixth, King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, *formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens,
Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.]*

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ENTER PROLOGUE.

O FOR a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his beeles
(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unrayed Spirits, that batb dar'd, 10
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. ⁹ Can this Cock-Pit bold
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caske
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls 20

1. Enter Prologue: Prologue. Enter Chorus—CAPELL.

10. batb: have—STAUNTON.

14. Caske: casques—CAPELL.

*Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their prowd Hoofes i' th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times; 30
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to beare, kindly to judge our Play. Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.]

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh yere of the last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling¹ and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question. ^{1 scrambling}

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against us,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession: ¹¹

For all the Temporall Lands, which men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,

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[I. i. 13-43]

Full fiteene Earles, and fiteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd: 20
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what prevention?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body, 30
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
T'invelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Never was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currence scowring faults:
Nor never *Hidra*-headed Wilfulnesse 40
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Divinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare

A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique. 50
 Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,
 The Ayle, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the myte Wonder lurketh in mens cares,
 To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
 So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
 Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.¹ ^{1 theory}
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
 Since his addiction was to Courses vaine, 60
 His Companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His Houres fill'd up with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
 And never noted in him any studie,
 Any retyrement, any sequestration,
 From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes underneath the Nettle,
 And wholesome Berryes thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
 And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
 Under the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt) 70
 Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
 Unseene, yet cressive² in his facultie. ^{2 increasing}

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
 And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
 How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
 How now for mittigation of this Bill,
 Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majestie
 Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent: 80
 Or rather swaying more upon our part,
 Then cherishing th'exhibitors against us:

72. *cressive*: *creactive*—4F.

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[I. i. 75-ii. 2

For I have made an offer to his Majestie,
Upon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Majestie: 91
Save that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine have done,
The severalls and unhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come, 100
To give him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait upon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *The same. The Presence chamber.*]

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter
[and Attendants].*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

101. *a Clock: o'clock—THEOBALD.*

King. Send for him, good Uncle.

Westm. Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter [the] two Bishops.

10

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre us in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule, 20
With opening Titles miscreate,¹ whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation ²*falsely invented*
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne³ our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Swōrd of Warre; ²*pledge*
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For never two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops 30
Are every one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge unto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Under this Conjuratiō, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleeeve in heart,

16. *Salike*: Salique—CAPELL.

32. *gives*: give—MALONE.

33. *makes*: make—ROWE.

That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme. *

B. Can. Then heare me gracious Sovereign, & you
Peers, |

That owe your selves, your lives, and services,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre 40

To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,

In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedaul,

No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:

Which *Salike* Land, the French unjustly gloze¹

To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*

The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme, ¹ *explain*

That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,

Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elve: 50

Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certaine French:

Who holding in disdaine the German Women,

For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female

Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:

Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elve and Sala,

Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.

Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law

Was not devised for the Realme of France: 60

Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,

Untill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres

After defunction of King *Pharamond*,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,

Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,

Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great

43. *succedaul*: *succedant*-2-4F.

50, 57. *Elve*: *Elbe*-CAPPELL.

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say, *
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*, 70
 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 Of *Blitbild*, which was Daughter to King *Clotbair*,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France. .
Hugh Capet also, who usurpt the Crowne
 Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne 80
 To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
 Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heire to the Usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
 That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-united to the Crowne of France. 90
 So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
 King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
 King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
 So doe the Kings of France unto this day.¹
 Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law,
 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,

79. *ib'*: out-Qq.

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[I. ii. 94-126

Then amply to imbarre¹ their crooked Titles, ^{1 secure}
Usurpt from you and your Progenitors. 100

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne upon my head, dread Sovereigne:

For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,

When the man dyes, let the Inheritance •

Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,

Stand for your owne, unwind your bloody Flagge,

Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,

From whom you clayme; invoke his Warlike Spirit,

And your Great Unckles, *Edward* the Black Prince, 110

Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,

Making defeat on the full Power of France:

Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill

Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe

Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English, that could entertaine² ^{2 encounter}

With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,

And let another halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, 120

And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;

You are their Heire, you sit upon their Throne:

The Blood and Courage that renowned them,

Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege

Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,

Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth

Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,

As did the former Lyons of your Blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means,
and might; | 130

So hath your Highnesse: never King of England

Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pavillion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloeds, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As never did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors. 140

King. We must not onely arme t'invade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade upon us,
With all advantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, ¹gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend ¹frontiers
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursingsnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us: 150
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his unfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grievous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin then more fear'd ²then harm'd,
my Liege: | ²frightened 160
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Chevalrie hath been in France,

And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
 Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a Stray,
 The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
 And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
 As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
 With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries. 170

Bisb. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia.
 For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
 To her unguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
 Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
 To tame and havocke more then she can eate.

Exet. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,
 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
 Since we have lockes to safegard necessities, 180
 And pretty traps to catch the petty theeves.
 While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th'advised head defends it selfe at home:
 For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like Musicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion: 190
 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,

168. *their*: her—CAPELL.169. *Ouse*: oose (ouse)—CAPELL.170. *Wrack*: wreck—2THEOBALD.172. *begia*: begin—2-4F. 2 rhymed ll.—CAPELL.177. *teape*: tear—2ROWE. (spoil—QQ.).178. *theu*: misprint IF.

Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
 They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
 Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
 Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
 Make boote upon the Summers Velvet buddes:
 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home zoo
 To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
 Who busied in his Majesties surveyes
 The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
 The civil Citizens kneading up the hony;
 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
 Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
 The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly humme,
 Delivering ore to Executors¹ pale ^{1 executioners}
 The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
 That many things having full reference 210
 To one consent, may worke contrariously,
 As many Arrowes loosed severall wayes
 Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
 As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 Divide your happy England into foure,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,* 220
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,

197. *venter*: venture-2-4F.202. *Majesties*: majesty-QQ.217. *And*: End-QQ.

HENRY THE FIFT

[I. ii. 219-247]

Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and poljcie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolv'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble sinewes of our power;
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Aywe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit, 230
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,¹ ^{1 empire}
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Urne,
Tomblesse, with no remembrance over them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grave
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure 240
Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majestie to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with uncurbed plainnesse,
Tell us the *Dolphins* minde. 251

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right

226, 241. *Dolpin*: dauphin, and so throughout—Rowe.

246. *meauing*: misprint 1F.

Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
 Sayes, that you savour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
 You cannot revell into Dukedomes there. 260
 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
 This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
 Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speakes.

King. What Treasure Uncle?

Exc. Tennis balles, my Liege. ^{1 term in tennis}

Kin, We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,
 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
 When we have matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set, 270
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.¹
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
 That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces.¹ And we understand him well,
 How he comes o're us with our wilder dayes,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valedw'd this poore seat of England,
 And therefore living hence, did give our selfe
 To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home. 280
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
 For that I have layd by my Majestie,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes:
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on us,

And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule 290
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deere husbands;
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:
 And some are yet ungotten and unborne,
 That shal have cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne.
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
 To venge¹ me as I may, and to put forth ¹ *avenge* 300
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,
 His Jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
 That may give furth'rance to our Expedition: 310
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that runne before our businesse.
 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
 Be soone collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
 More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
 Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
 That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

293. *husbands*: misprint 1F.

[Act II. PROLOGUE.]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
 Now thrive the Armorers, and Honors thought
 Reignes solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*.
 For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilt unto the Point, 10
 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
 The French advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadfull preparation,
 Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
 Seeke to divert the English purposes.
 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
 Like little Body with a mightie Heart:
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kinde and naturall: 20
 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
 A nest of hollow bosomes, which he fills
 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
 One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Masbam*, and the third
 Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
 Have for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
 If Hell and Treason hold their promises, 30
 Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.



HENRY THE FIFT

[II. Prol. 31-i. 20]

Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
 Th'abuse of distance; force a play:
 The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
 The King is set from London, and the Scene
 Is now transported (Gentles) to Southamp^{on},
 There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle Passe: for if we may, 40
 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
 But till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit*

[Scene i. London. A street.]

*Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.**Bar.* Well met Corporall *Nym*.*Nym.* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.*Bar.* What, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
 time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
 mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
 toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans
 sword will: and there's an end. 10

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
 and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
 be so good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
 taine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe
 as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to

16. rendezvous: rendezvous-4F.

Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her. 19

Nym. I cannot tell, 'Things must be as they may; men may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pistoli*? 29

Pist. Base Tyke,¹ cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I swear I scorne the terme: nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers. 30

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and boord a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that live honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O welliday | Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte- | ry and murther committed. |

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere. *Nym*. Pish. 40

Pist. Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur of Island.

Host. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would have you solus.

23. name: mare-QQ.

37. bewne: drawn-THEOBALD.

40. new l. at Nym-Rowe.

41, 42. Island: Iceland (Ireland-Q.)-STEEVENS.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most mervailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy thoroate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pistols* cocke is up, and flashing fire will follow. 51

Nym. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot conjure mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Grave doth gape, and doting death is neere, 'Therefore exhale.¹ ^{1 draw sword} 60

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, Ile run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me give: Thy spirites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it. ^{2 hospital}

Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle² goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll Teare-sheete*, she by name, and her espouse. I have, and I

46-51. 8 ll. ending vile, face, throat, perdy, mouth, bowels, up, follow-Porz. 65. new l. at Thy-Porz.

69. *defie thee*: thee defy-Qq.

69-75. 10 ll. ending gorge, again, get, go, infamy, kind, espouse, Quickly, enough, to-Porz.

will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee:^f and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mipe Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my Master, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill. 80

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home presently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee'must to France together: why the diuel should we keep knives to cut one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting? 91

Pist. Base is the Slave that payes.

Nym. That now I wil have: that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home. *Draw*

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust, Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course

Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-thee put up. 100

75. enough to go to: enough. Go to-Pope.

78. your: you,-HANMER.

98. Coporall: misprint 1F.

98-9. & .. and: an .. an-Pope.

99. to: too-2-4F.

100-1. bracketed l.-Qq.

HENRY THE FIFT

[II. i. 110-ii. 2

[*Nim.* I shall have my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?^a—]

Pist. A Noble¹ shalt thou have, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendshippe shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile live by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* shall live by me, is not this just? For I shal Sutler be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give mee thy hand. ¹ gold coin

Nym. I shall have my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most justly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

110

Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir *John*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fractured² and corroborate. ² broken

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carreeres. 120

Pist. Let us condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we will live.

[Scene ii. / *Southampton. A council-chamber.*]

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

101-6. 6 five-accent ll. and 1 l. ending hand—POPE.

^abeating: betting—MALONE.

109. *that?* that's—2-4F.

111. *come:* came—QQ. 2-4F.

117-18. 2 ll. ending right, corroborate—CAPELL.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosomes sate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell 11
His Sovereignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray [and Attendants].

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte, 20
For which we have in head assembled them.

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not wish
Successe and Conquest to attend on us. 3

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Then is your Majesty; there's not I thinke a subject
That sits in heart-greefe and uncasinesse 30
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Kni. [Grey] True: those that werc your Fathers enemies, |

32. *Kni.* out, *Grey* in-4F.

HENRY THE FIFT

[II. ii. 30-62]

Have steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serve you
With hearts create¹ of duty, and of zeale. ¹*formed*

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulnes,
And shall forget the office² of our hand ²*use*
Sooner then quittance³ of desert and merit, ●

According to the weight and worthinesse. ³*requital*

Scro. So service shall with steeled sinewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope 40
To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We Judge no lesse. Unkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rayl'd against our person: We consider
It was ~~excesse~~ of Wine that set him on,
And on ~~his~~ more advice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd Sovereigne, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let us yet be mercifull. 50

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appeare before us? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preservation of our person 61
Wold have him punish'd. And now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,

47. *much*: much-2-4F.

52. *Sir*: separate l.-Dyce.

50. *King*: misprint 1F.

Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Sovereigne.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours: 70

Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.
My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Unkle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you loose
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That have so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy. 80

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in us but late,
By your owne counsaile is suppress and kill'd:
You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
As dogs upon their maisters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
You know how apt our love was, to ac'ord
To furnish with all appertinents 90
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
And sworne unto the practises of France
To kill us heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Us
Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

77. have: hath-Qq.4F.

90. furnish with: furnish him with-2.4F.

What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
 Ingratefull, savage, and inhumane Creature?
 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
 That knew'st the very bottome of my soule, 100
 That (almost) might'st have coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy use?
 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one sparke of evill
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
 As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
 As two yoke divels sworne to cythers purpose, 109
 Working ~~so~~ grossely¹ in an naturall cause, ¹ palpably
 That admiration did not hoope² at them. ² about
 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
 And other divels that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
 From glist'ring semblances of piety: 120
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance³ why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor. ³ cause
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
 He might returne to vastie Tartar⁴ backe, ⁴ Tartarus
 And tell the Legions, I can never win
 A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

110. *an*: a-2-4F.117. *And*: All-HANMER.125. *Lyon-gate*: lion gait-CAPELL.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousie infected
 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull, 130
 Why so didst thou: seeme they grave and learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
 Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye, without the eare,
 And but in purged judgement trusting neither,
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme: 140
 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
 To make thee full fraught man, and best instructed
 With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
 For this revolt of thine, me thinkes is like
 Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge. 149

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord Scroope of Marsham.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended: 160

142. *make thee:* mark the—MALONE.

150. *Thomas:* Henry—Qq. 151. *Marsham:* Masham—Rowe.

But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Never did faithfull subject more rejoyce
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason;
Then I do at this houre joy ore my selfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Sovereigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You have conspir'd against Our Royall person, 170
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyv'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Prince, and his Peeres to servitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no revenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, 180
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit*

[*Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded*].

Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now, 190
But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way.

162. *Which in:* Which I in-2-4F.

178. *must:* misprint 1F.

179. *you sought:* you have sought-QQ.

Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let us deliver
 Our Puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.
 Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre advance,
 No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*

[Scene iii. *London. Before a tavern.*]

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolpb, Boy, and Hostesse.

Hostesse. Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
 thee to Staines. ¹ *grieve*

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne.¹ *Bardolpb,*
 be blythe: *Nim,* rowse thy vaunting Veines: *Boy.* bristle
 thy Courage up: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
 erne¹ therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,
 eyther in Heaven, or in Hell. ² *chris-m-child 9*

Hostesse. Nays sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs*
 Bosome, if ever man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a
 finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome²
 Child: a parted ev'n just betwene Twelve and One, ev'n
 at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
 the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fin-
 gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
 as sharpc as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now
 Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a
 cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
 to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I

4. *erne:* yearn-3-4F.

4-7. 4 ll. ending yearn, veins, dead, therefore-PORK.

16. *end:* ends-QQ.

17. *a Table of greene fields:* a' babbled of green fields-THEO-
 BALD.

18. *a good: o' good (of-THEOBALD)*-HANMER.

HENRY THE FIFT

[II. iii. 23-51

hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so up-peer'd, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Devles incarnate. 31

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Devle would have him about Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticked upon *Bardolph's* Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell. 41

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Comen, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Sences

22. *bad*: bade—JOHNSON.

24-5. *knees*, and so up-peer'd, and: knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and—QQ.

30. *Devles*: devils—2-4F.

34. *Devle*: devil—CAPELL.

41. *Hell*: hell-fire—QQ.

46-54. 10 ll. ending lips, movables, Pay, none, cakes, duck, counsellor, arms, boys, suck—CAPELL.

rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Cau'to* bee thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let us to France, like Horse-leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse. [*Kissing her.*]

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command. 61

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*

[Scene iv. *France. The King's palace.*]

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine [the Constable, and others].

King. Thus comes the English, with full power upon us,
And more then carefully it us concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre 10
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,

48. *world: word*—1-3Q.

3. *Berry and Britaine: Berri-Dyce. Bretagne-HANMER.*

8. *Orleance: Orleans-Rowe.*

As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
 It fits us then to be as provident,
 As feare may teach us, out of late examples
 Left by the fatall and neglected English,
 Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
 It is most meet we arme us 'gainst the Foe:
 For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, 20
 (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
 But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a Warre in expectation.
 Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
 To view our sick and feeble parts of France:
 And let us doe it with no shew of feare,
 No, with no more, then if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:
 For, my good Lidge, shee is so idly King'd, 30
 Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
 By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
 That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
 You are too much mistaken in this King:
 Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
 With what great State he heard their Embassie,
 How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
 How modes in exception; and withall,
 How terrible in constant resolution: 40
 And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
 Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,
 Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.

But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The Enemy more mightie then he seemes,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd: 50
 Which of a weake and niggardly projection,
 Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
 A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong:
 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
 The Kindred of him hath beene flesht upon us:
 And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
 That haunted us in our familiar Pathes:
 Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy Battell fatallly was strucke, 60
 And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
 Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
 Up in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
 Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
 The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
 Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
 Of that Victorious Stock: and let us feare
 The Native mightinesse and fate of him. 70

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
 Doe crave admittance to your Majestie.

King. Weele give them present audience.
 Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs

Mo^{re} spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
 Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
 Take up the English short, and let them know 80
 Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
 Selfe-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
 As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majestie:
 He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,
 That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
 The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
 By Lawe of Nature, and of Nations, longs 90
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 Unto the Crowne of France: that you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
 Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,
 Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rakt,
 He sends you this most memorable Lync,
 In every Branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing you ove^r-looke this Pedigree: 100
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Jove*: 110
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vastie Jawes: and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 The dead-mens Blood, the privy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
 'This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message.
 Unlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; 121
 To whom expressly I bring greeting to.

King. For us, we will consider of this further:
 To morrow shall you beare our full intent
 Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
 I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not mis-become
 The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at. 130
 Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
 Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
 Sweeter: the bitter Mock you sent his^h Majestie;
 Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
 That Caves and Wombie Vaultages of France
 Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
 In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
 It is against my will: for I desire

117. *privy*: pining-Qq.125. *of*: out-1-2Q.137. *Ordinance*: ordnance-MALONE.122. *to*: too-Qq. 2-4F.131. *and if*: an if-Dycz.

HENRY THE FIFT [II. iv. 129—III. Prol. 4

Nothing but Oddes with England. 140

To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Lover shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now: now he weighes Time
Even to the utmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France. 150

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions. |

A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

[Act III. PROLOGUE.]

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have seene
The well-appointed King at Dover Peer,

140-1. 2 ll. ending end, vanity—Rowe.

143. *Lover:* Louvre (Louver-4F.)—POPE.

157. *breathe:* breath-4F.

1. *Actus Secundus:* out—Rowe.

4-5. 2 ll. ending celerity, seen—Rowe.

6. *Dover:* Hampton—THEOBALD.

Embarke his Royaltie: and his brave Fleet,
 With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* faying;
 Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
 Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing; 10
 Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten Sayles,
 Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
 Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
 You stand upon the Rivage,¹ and behold ¹ *sea-shore*
 A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
 For so appeares this Fleet Majestically,
 Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
 Grapple your minds to sternage² of this Navye, 20
 And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
 Guarded with Grandsires, Babyes, and old Women,
 Eyther past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance:
 For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich ² *astern of*
 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choyse-drawne Cavaliers to France?
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
 Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him 31
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the divellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And cech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

8. *faying*: fanning—Rowz.19. *Harflew*: Harfleur, and so throughout—Rowz.28. *Ordenance*: ordnance—4F.38. *cech*: eke—Popz.

[Scene i. *France. Before Harfleur.*]

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.
Alarum: [and Soldiers with] Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
 Deare friends, once more;
 Or close the Wall up with our English dead:
 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
 But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
 Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
 Stiffen the sinewes, commune up the blood, 10
 Disguise false Nature with hard-favour'd Rage:
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
 Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
 Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'whelme it,
 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke ¹ *project beyond*
 O're-hang and juttie¹ his confounded² Base, ² *wasted*
 Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.
 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostrill wide,
 Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English, 20
 Whose blood is set³ from Fathers of Warre-prooffe:
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*, ³ *fetched*
 Have in these parts from Morne till Even fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.⁴
 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest, ⁴ *cause*
 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
 Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,

3-4. 1 l.-POPE.

18. *Nostrill*: nostril-ROWE.

21. *set*: fetcht-POPE.

10. *commune*: summon-ROWE.

20. *Noblish*: noblest-2-4F.

27. *to me*: to men-4F.

Whose Lymes were made in England; shew us hefe
 The mettell of your Pasture: let us sweare, 30
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,¹ 1 *leash*
 Straying upon the Start. The Game's afoot:
 Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Nim, Bardolpb, Pistoll, and Boy.-

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
 hot: and for mine owne part, I have not a Case of Iives:
 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song²
 of it. 2 *simple air*

Pist. The plaine-Song is most just: for humors doe a-
 bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 immortall fame. 10

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
 would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And I: If wishes would prevayle with me, my
 purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I
 high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on
 bough.

29. *Lymes*: limbs-2-4F.

35. *Straying*: Straining-Rowe.

8-10. *Knocks .. fame*: 4 ll. ending die, shield, field, fame-CAPELL.

13-17. *If .. bough*: 5 ll. ending me, me, hie, truly, bough-
 CAPELL.

15. *bigb*: hie-4F.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogges; avault you Cullions. [*Driving them forward.*] 20

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould:¹ abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock² bate thy Rage: use lenitie sweet Chuck. ¹ *earth* ² *fine fellow* ³ *bullies* ⁴ *fools*

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers:³ I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques⁴ doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepees whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any mans⁵ Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three halpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shovell. I knew by that peece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put

30. *Antiques*: antica (anticks)—THEOBALD.

44. *Callice*: Calais—POPE.

into mine; for it is plaine pocketting up of Wr^{ings}. I must leave them, and seeke some better Service: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it up. *Exit.* 52

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concavities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athversarie, you may discusse unto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard under the Countermynes: by *Cbesbu*, I thinke a will plowe up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be. 69

Welch. By *Cbesbu* he is an Asst, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's nō more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Jamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Jamy* is a marvellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cbesbu* he will maintaine his

Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*. 83

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *James*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners given o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish give over, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish give over: I would have blowed up the Towne, so Chrish save me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done. 93

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point. 101

Scot. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion: that sall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call us to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for us all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves 'to slomber, ayle de gud service, or Ile ligge i'th'

grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valourously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breif and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation. 121

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knave, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not use me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to use me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities. 131

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.* 140

[Scene iii. *The same. Before the gates.*]

[*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below.*]

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Governour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There pre to our best mercy give your selves,
 Or like to men prowde of destruction,
 Defie us to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
 If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
 I will not leave the halfe-atchieved Harflew,
 Till in her ashes she lye buried. 10
 The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grasse
 Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
 Arrayed in flegmes like to the Prince of Fiends,
 Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
 Enlynckt to wast and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you your selves are cause, 20
 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing Violation?
 What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
 When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
 We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
 Upon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
 As send Precepts to the *Leviathan*, to come ashore.
 Therefore, you men of Harflew,
 Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
 Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command, 30
 Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
 O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
 Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
 If not: why in a moment looke to see
 The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand

27-8. 2 ll. ending *leviathan*, *Harfleur*-Rowe.

33. *badly*: *heady*-3-4F.

Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters:
 Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
 And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls:
 Your naked Infants spitted upon Pykes, 39
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wives of Jewry,
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yeeld, and this avoyd?
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 Returnes us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
 We yeeld our Towne and Lives to thy soft Mercy:
 Enter our Gates, dispose of us and ours, 51
 For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Unckle *Exeter*,
 Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
 And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
 Use mercy to them all for us, deare Unckle.
 The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
 Upon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
 To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
 To morrow for the March are we address.¹ ¹*prepared*
Flourish, and enter the Towne. 61

[Scene iv. *The French King's palace.*]

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
 le Language.

36. *Desire:* Defile—2Rowz.

58. *Calis:* Calais—Rowz.

2. *este:* été bien parlas: parles bien

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que je apprend
a par-⁴ len: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doys.

[*Alice*] *Kat.* Le doys, ma foy Je oublie, e doyt mays,
je me souemeray | le doys je pense qu'ils ont appelle de
fingres, ou de fingres. | 11

[*Kath.*] *Alice.* Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, je
pense que je | suis le bon escolier.

Kath. J'ay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois vistement,
coment | appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si je parle bien: de
Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras. 20

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

4. En: Un 5-6. enseigniez: enseignez apprend a parler:
apprenne à parler

6. Comient appelle vous le: Comment appelez-vous la

7. Le .. il & appelle: La .. elle est appelée

9. *Alice*: out, speech continued to *Kath.*—THEOBALD.

9. E le doys: Et les doigts

10. *Kat.*: given to *Alice*—THEOBALD.

10-11. Le doys .. Je oublie, e doyt mays .. souemeray le doys ..
ont appelle .. ou: Les doigts ? .. j'oublie les doigts; mais .. sou-
viendrai. Les doigts? .. sont appelés .. oui

12. *Alice*: given to *Kath.*—THEOBALD.

12-13. Le .. le doys .. escolier: La .. les doigts .. écolier

14. *Kath.*: out, speech continued to *Kath.*—THEOBALD.

14-15. gaynie diux .. vistement .. appelle vous le: gagné deux ..
vêtement .. appelez-vous les

16. Le ongles, les: Les ongles? nous les

17. escoute: Ecoutez

18. e: et.

19. dict .. &: dit .. est

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D' Elbow.

Kath. D' Elbow: Je men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous m'avez, appris des a present.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fiugre, de Nayles, d' Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D' Elbow, Madame.

29

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je men oublie d' Elbow, coment ap- | pelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Cbin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre bonneur en verite vous prononcies les mots ausi droict, que le Natifs d' Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, | & en peu de temps.

39

Alice. N'avez vous y desia oublie ce que je vous a enseignie.

Kath. Nome je recitera a vous promptement, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

22. *E de coudee: Et le coude*

23-4. *D' .. men fay le repiticio .. tous: De .. m'en fais la répétition .. tous*

25. *m'avez, appris des a present: m'avez appris dès à présent*

26. *&: est*

27-8. *Excuse .. escoute, d' .. d': Excusez .. écoutez: de .. de*

29. *D': De 30-1. men .. d' .. appelle: m'en .. de .. appelez*

33. *e: et*

36-7. *verite .. prononcies .. droict .. le: vérité .. prononcez .. droit .. les*

38. *de grace: la grace*

40. *N'avez vous y desia oublie .. a enseignie: N'avez vous pas déjà oublié .. ai enseigné*

41-2. *Nome .. recitera a .. Maylees: Non .. reciterai à .. malis*

Af'cc. Sans vostre boneus d' Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi de je d' Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment ap- | pelle vous les pied & de robâ.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count. 48

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d' user: Je ne voudray pronouncer ce | mots devant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le | Foot & le Count, neant moy, Je recitera un autrefois ma leçon | ensemble, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, d' Elbow, de | Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count. |

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C' est asses pour une foyes, alons nous a diner. Exit.

[Scene v. *The same.*]

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin [the Duke of Bourbon], the | Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the River Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord, Let us not live in France: let us quit all, And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprays of us,

45. *Sans vostre boneus: Sauf votre honneur* 46. *de je: dis-je*
47. *les .. & de: le .. et la* 48, 49. *le: de* 49. *il: ce*
51-2. *le .. de Honeur .. ce .. le Seigneurs .. fç: les .. d'honneur ..*
ces .. les seigneurs .. Foh!

53. *neant moy .. recitera un: Néanmoins .. réciterai une*
54-5. *ensemble, d' .. d' .. d' .. le: ensemble: de .. de .. de .. de*
57. *asses .. foyes, alons nous a diner: assez .. fois: allons-nous à diner*

Correction: made by ROWE, POPE, THEOBALD, WARBURTON, CAMPBELL, CAMBRIDGE.

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,¹ 1 lust
 Our Syens, put in wilde and savage Stock,
 Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds, 10
 And over-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
 Unfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,
 To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
 In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. Dieu de Battailles, where have they this mettell?
 Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
 On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale, 19
 Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
 A Drench for sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly broth,
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
 Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
 Let us not hang like roping Isyckles 2 overridden
 Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
 Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
 Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
 Our Madames mock at us, and plainly say, 30
 Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give
 Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,
 To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schooles,
 And teach *Lavolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
 Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
 And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
 Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.

9. *Syens*: *acions*—Rowe.

13. *du*: *de*—Rowe.

28. *we call*: *we may call*—2-4F.

Up Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged, 40
 More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
 You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Jaques Cbattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Roussi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
 High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
 Barre Harry Engiand, that sweepes through our Land
 With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew: 51
 Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
 Upon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme upon.
 Goe downe upon him, you have Power enough,
 And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
 Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March: 60
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
 And for atchievement, offer us his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, hast on *Montjoy*,
 And let him say to England, that we send,
 To know what willing Ransome he will give.
 Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with us in Roan.

41. *bigb*: hie—4F.

44. *Burgonie*: Burgundy—Rowe.

45. *Vandemont*: Vaudemont, and so throughout—Rowe.

46. *Grand Pree*: Grandpré—STEEVENS. *Faulconbridge*: Fauconberg—CAPELL.

47. *Loys* .. *Charaloyes*: Foix .. *Charolois*—CAPELL. *Bouciquall*: Boucliqualt—THEOBALD.

48. *Kings*: knights—2POPE.

56. *Roan*: Rouen—MALONE.

Delph. Not so, I doe beseech your Majestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with us.

Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all, 70
And quickly bring us word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

[Scene vi. *The English camp in Picardy.*]

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my soule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be prayesd and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Mark Anthony*, and hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him doe as gallant service.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not. 20

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me favours: the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

10. *live*: *life*-Qq.

23-4. 2 ll. ending favours, well-Qq.

Fl. I, I prayse God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddess^e blind, that stands upon the rolling restlesse Stone. 30

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall. 39

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath stolne a Pax,¹ and hanged must a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter* hath given the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* yitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite. ¹ image of Christ

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly understand your meaning. 50

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire

27-9. 3 ll. ending heart, fate, wheel-QQ. new l. at That, ending blind-CAPEL.

32. afore bis: afore her-CAPEL.

40-8. 11 ll. ending him, be, death, free, suffocate, death, price, voice, cut, reproach, requite-CAPEL.

the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Dye, and be^dam'd, and *Figo* for thy fridship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine.

Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gower. 'Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse. 61

Flu. Ile assure you, a utt'ed as prave words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Services were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con- voy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who dis- grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke up with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonder- full to be thought on: but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mi- stooke. 80

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

69. *perfit*: perfect—Qq.

74. *perfitly*: perfectly—Qq.

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.*

Flu. God plesse your Majestic. 88

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majestic: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th'athversarie was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majestic, the Duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, *Fluellen*? 97

Flu. The perdition of th'athversarie hath beene very great, reësonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majestic know the man: his face is all bubukles¹ and whelkes,² and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

¹ carbuncles ² pimples

King. Wee would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French upbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when Levitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner. 113

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

103. a fire: o' fire—Dyce.

112. Levitie: lenity—Qq.

Mountjoy. My Masters mind.

King. Unfold it.

119

Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Advantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake upon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weaknesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettynesse would bow under. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthless satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. *Mountjoy.*

5

140

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment:¹ for to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much Unto an enemy of Craft and Vantage, ¹ *bindrance* My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd: and those few I have, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, 150

I thought, upon one payre of English Legges
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God,
 That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
 Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
 Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
 My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
 My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*. 160
 Goe bid thy Master well advise himselfe.
 If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
 We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
 Discolour: and so *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
 The summe of all our Answer is but this:
 We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,
 Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
 So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your High-
 nesse. 170

Glouc. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
 March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
 Beyond the River wee'le encampe our selves,
 And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

[Scene vii. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*]

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
 Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World:
 would it were day.

Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my
 Horse have his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour? 10

Orleance. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. 'What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheval volante*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Musically then the Pipe of *Hermes*. 20

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse. 29

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserved prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Sovereigne to reason on, and for a Sovereignes So-

14. *postures*: *pasterns*-2-4F.

15. *ch'ha*: Ça, ha--THEOBALD.

16. *volante* .. *chez*: volant .. chez--THEOBALD.

veraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us,
and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse,
and began thus, *Wonder of Nature*. 43

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistressse.

Dolpb. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd
to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistressse.

Orleance. Your Mistressse beares well.

Dolpb. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistressse. 50

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistressse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolpb. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolpb. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne¹ of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Strossers.² ¹foot-soldier ²tight breeches

Const. You have good judgement in Horsemanship. 59

Dolpb. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horse to my Mistressse.

Const. I had as live have my Mistressse a Jade.

Dolpb. I tell thee Constable, my Mistressse weares his owne hayre.

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistressse.

Dolpb. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement est la leuye lavée au boubier*: thou mak'st use of any thing.

Const. Yet doe I not use my Horse for my Mistressse, or any such Proverbe, so little kin to the purpose. 71

63. *live*: Hef-CAPELL.

68-9. *est la*: et la-Rowe.

69. *leuye*: truie-Rowe.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes upon it?

Const. Starres my Lord.

Dolpb. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolpb. That may be, for you heare a many superfluously, and twere more honor some were away.

Const. Ev'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted. 81

Dolpb. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Const. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you have them. 91

Dolpb. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath. 99

Orleance. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is activitie, and he will still be doing.

Orleance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

HENRY THE FIFT

[III. vii. 112-143]

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it. 111

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hiddē vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will never sayd well.

Const. I will cap that Proverbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take up that with, Give the Devill his due. 121

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Devill: have at the very eye of that Proverbe with, A Pox of the Devill.

Orleance. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Const. You have shot over.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tents. 131

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Grandpre*.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this

King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away. 141

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could never weare such heaue Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of unmatched courage.

Orleance. Foolish Curses, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, and have their heads crusht like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a Lyon. 152

Const. Just, just: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe. 159

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

[ACT IV. PROLOGUE.]

Chorus.

Now entertaine conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke

163. a: o'-THEOBALD.

1. *Actus Tertius:* out-ROWE.

Fills the wide Vessell of the Universe.
 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
 The Humme of eyther Army stilly sounds;
 That the fixt Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of each others Watch.*
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames 10
 Each Battaile sees the others umber'd¹ face.
 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
 Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the 'Tents,
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busie Hammers closing Rivets up, ¹ darkened
 Give dreadfull note of preparation.
 The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
 And the thirð howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
 Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
 The confident and over-lustie French, 20
 Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
 And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
 So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
 Sit patiently, and inly, ruminatē
 The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
 Investing lanke-leanne Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing Moone
 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold 30
 The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
 Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrey-men.

18. *nam'd*: name—STEEVENS.

22. *creeple-tardy-gated*: cripple tardy-gaited—CAPELL.

29. *Presented*: Presenteth—HANMER.

Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
 Unto the wearie and all-watched Night: 40
 But freshly lookes, and over-beares Attaint,
 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Majestic:
 That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
 A Largesse universall, like the Sunne,
 His liberall Eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthinesse define.
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
 And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye: 50
 Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
 With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
 The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
Exit.

[Scene i. *The English camp at Agincourt.*]

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. *Gloster*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our Courage be.
 God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
 There is some soule of goodnesse in things evill,
 Would men observingly distill it out.
 For our bad Neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,

4. *God morrow*: Good morrow--Rowe.

HENRY THE FIFT

[IV. i. 9-35]

And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dresse us fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Divell himselfe. 10

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present paines,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eased: 21

And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake up their drowsie Grave, and newly move
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.¹ ¹ *lightness*

Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege. 30

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heaven blesse thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt [all but King].*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-
fully. *Enter Pistoll.*

Pist. *Cbe vous la?* 40

40. *Cbe vous la: Qui va là—Rowe.*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Even so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King. 48

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy?* a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew? |

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen?*

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate upon S. *Davies* day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe, that day, least he knock that about yours. 61

Pist. Art thou his friend? *

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Manet King.

42-3. 2 ll. ending officer, popular—Porz.

49-52. 5 ll. ending gold, fame, valiant, string, name—Porz.

58-9. 2 ll. ending Pate, day—Porz.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*. 70

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise. 80

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman. 90

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

71. *fewer*: lower-3Q.

76-7. *bable*: pabble-THEOBALD.

King. A Friend.

100

Williams. Under, what Captaine serve you?

King. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Even as men wrackt upon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

119

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeve, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himselfe in Thames up to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lives saved.

King. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other

102. *John*: Thomas—2POPE.

105. *wrackt*: wrecked—2THEOBALD.

112. *humane*: human—ROWE.

mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being just, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of us. 138

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heauey Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, shall joyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some upon their Wives, left poore behind them; some upon the Debts they owe, some upon their Children rawly¹ left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection. ^{1 without due provision} 151

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, does sinfully miscarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him: or if a Servant, under his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpose not their death, when

150. who: whom-2-4F.

they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can'trye it out with all unspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Perjurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and out-runne Native punishment; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dyc unprovided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare. 190

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. I, hee said so, to make us fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 201

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le never trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round,¹ I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene us, if you live. ¹ unceremonious 211

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Glove: Give mee another of thine.

King. There. 219

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, 'This is my Glove, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee

have French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.
Exit Souldiers. 230

King. Indee'de thē French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat us, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clippef.

Upon the King, let us our Lives, our Soules,
 Our Debts, our carefull Wives,
 Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
 We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, 240
 Subject to the breath of every foole, whose sence
 No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
 What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy?

And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
 Save Ceremonie, save generall Ceremonie?
 And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
 What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
 Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
 What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in? 250
 O Ceremonie, shew me but thy^t worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
 Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
 Creating awe and feare in other men?
 Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
 Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
 But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,

239-44. 5 ll. ending condition, breath, feel, heart's-ease, enjoy-CAMBRIDGE.

252. *Odoration*: Adoration-2-4F.

And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.
 Thinks thou the fierie Fever will goe out 260
 With 'Titles blowne from Adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,
 That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
 I am a King that find thee: and I know,
 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall,
 The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
 The farsed ¹ Title running 'fore the King, 270
 The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
 That beates upon the high shore of this World:
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie; ¹*stuffed*
 Not all these, lay'd in Bed Majesticall,
 Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave:
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
 Never sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night 280
 Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
 Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,
 And followes so the ever-running yeere
 With profitable labour to his Grave:
 And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
 Winding up Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage² of a King. ²*advantage*
 The Slave, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
 Enjoies it; but in grosse braine little wots,

260. *Thinks*: Thinkst-Rowx.269. *enter*:- *inter*--MALONE.282. *Hiperio*: *Hyperion* (*Hiperion*-2-3F.)-4F.

What watch the King keeps, to maintaine the peace;
Whose howres, the Pesant best advantages. 291

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers: 300
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,¹ *chapels* 310
Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth:
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:

291. *Pesant*: peasant—*Rowe*.

294-7. 3 ll. ending knight, tent, lord—*POPE*.

300. *reckning of tb'*: reckoning, if the—*STEEVENS*. Colon out after numbers—*THEOBALD*. 309-12. 3 ll. ending built, priests, do—*POPE*.

318-19. *I: I*: Ay; I—*GLOBE*.

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
 The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. 320
Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *The French camp.*]

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour up, my Lords.

Dolph. *Monte Cheval:* My Horse, *Verlot Lacquay:* Ha.

Orleans. Oh brave Spirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*

Orleans. *Rien puis le air & feu.* 9

Dolph. *Cain, Cousin Orleans.* *Enter Constable*
 Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service neigh. ¹ *quench*

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
 And doubt¹ them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you have them weep our Horses blood?
 How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres. 21

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.
 Doe but behold yond poore and starved Band,

320. *friend:* friends—THEOBALD. 3. *Armour up:* armour; up, (comma after *Armour*—24F.)—CAMBRIDGE.

5. *Monte:* Montez à—STEEVENS. *Verlot Lacquay:* varlet! laquais! —DYCE. 8. *ewes:* eaux—THEOBALD. 9. *puis le air & feu:*

puis? l'air et le feu—MALONE. 10. *Cain:* Ciel—THEOBALD

16. *doubt:* dout—2ROWE.

20-1. verse—ROWE.

23, 47. *yond:* yon—POPE.

And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
 Leaving them but the shales and huskes of men.
 There is not worke 'enough for all our hands,
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
 To give each naked Curtleax a stayne,
 That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
 And sheath⁴ for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
 The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them. 31
 'Tis positive against all exceptions, Lords,
 That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants,
 Who in unnecessarie action swarme
 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding¹ Foe; ^{1 mean}
 Though we upon this Mountaines Basis by,
 Tooke stand for idle speculation:
 But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us doe, ⁴⁰
 And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound ^{2 sound}
 The Tucket Sonuance,² and the Note to mount:
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundfree.

Grandfree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of
 France? |
 Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favoredly become the Morning field:
 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
 And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully. 50
 Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
 And faintly through a rustie Bever³ peepes. ^{3 helmet}
 The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,

32. *against*: 'gainst-2-4F.

42. *Sonuance*: sonance-JONSON.

52. *Bever*: beaver-STREVEN.

With Torch-staves in their hand: and their poore Jades
 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
 The gunme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouthes the Jymold¹ Bitt
 Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motiõlesse.
 And their executors, the knavish Crowes,
 Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. 60
 Description cannot sute it selfe in words,
 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
 In life so livelesse, as it shewes it selfe. ¹ *made of rings*

Const. They have said their prayers,
 And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
 And give their fasting Horses Provender,
 And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
 To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away, 71
 The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The English camp.*]

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
with all his Host: Salisbury, and
Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.

57. *Jymold*: gimmal-JOHNSON. 63. *livelesse*: lifeless-CAPELL.
 64-5. 1 l.-POPE. 69-70. 2 ll. ending field, take-ROWE.
 69. *Guard: on*: guidon-RANN. 7-8. verse, 1 l.-POPE.

Salisb. Gods Armestrike with us, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
 God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge: 11
 If we no more meēt, till we meet in Heaven;
 'Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
 My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
 And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
 And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
 For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exc. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse, 20
 Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England,
 That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?
 My Cousin *Westmerland*. No, my faire Cousin:
 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 To doe our Countrey losse: and if to iive,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour. 30
 Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
 By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost:
 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 But if it be a sinne to covet Honor,
 I am the most offending Soule alive.
 No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:
 Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
 As one man more me thinkes would share from me, 40

For the best hope I have. O, doe not wish one more:
 Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,
 That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
 And Crownes for Convoy put into his Purse:
 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowship, to dye with us.
 This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:
 He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, 50
 And rowse him at the Name of *Crispian*.
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,
 Will yeevly on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his skarres:
 [And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:]
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
 But hee'le remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, 60
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
 This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
 From this day to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembred;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
 This day shall gentle¹ his Condition. ¹ennoble 70
 And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,

52. see *this day, and live*: live this day, and see—POPE.

55-6. bracketed l.—Qq.

Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with us upon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are bravely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience¹ charge on us. ¹ *expedition*

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so. 79

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast unwisht five thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound, 90
Before thy most assured Overthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be engluttet. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester. ² *gain a victory over*

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France. 100

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieve² me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many, of our bodyes shall no doubt
 Find Native Graves: upon the which, I trust
 Shall witnesse live in Brasse of this dayes worke.
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills, 110
 They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honors reeking up to Heaven,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
 Marke then abounding valour in our English:
 That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
 Breake out into a second course of mischief, e,
 Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
 Let me speake prowdly: Tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working day: 120
 Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
 With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
 Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
 And time hath worne us into slovenrie.
 But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
 They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
 And turne them out of service. If they doe this, 130
 As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
 Will soone be levyed.

Herauld, save thou thy labour:
 Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
 They shall have none, I sweare, but these my joynts:

116. *bullet;* bullet's—HANMER. *crasing*: *grazing* (*grasing*)—2-4F.
 132-3. 11.—POPE.

Which if they have, as I will leave um them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King *Harry*. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ransome. 141

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.¹ ¹ *vanguard*

King. Take it, brave *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilbome de bon qualitee.*

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custur^e me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox,² except O Signieur thou doe give to me egregious Ransome. ² *sword* 12

140. verse; *thou wilt .. for a: thou'lt .. for*—THEOBALD.

145-6. 1 l.—POPE.

4. *estes le Gentilbome de bon: êtes gentilhomme de bonne*—THEOBALD.

9-12. 5 ll. ending gentleman, mark, fox, me, ransom—POPE.

French. O prenes miserecordie aye pitez de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have fortie Moyes:¹ for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras. |

Pist. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious² Mountain Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. O perdonne moy. 20

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slave in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounsieur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke³ him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French unto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppez vostre | gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, unlesse

13. *prennes.. moy:* prenez miséricorde | ayez pitié de moi—Rowe, THEOBALD, CAPELL, CAMBRIDGE.

14-16. 3 ll. ending *moys, throat, blood*—JOHNSON.

17. *le:* la—2-4F. 18-19. 3 ll. ending *cur, goat, brass*—JOHNSON.

20. *perdonne:* pardonnez—Rowe.

21-3. 3 ll. ending *moys, French, name*—POPE.

24. *Escoute .. appelle:* Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé—DYCE.

25, 32. *Mounsieur:* Monsieur—Rowe. 33. *a:* de—2-4F.

34. *prest .. disposee .. asture de couppez vostre:* prêt .. disposé .. à cette heure de couper votre—THEOBALD.

36-8. 3 ll. ending *permafoy, crowns, sword*—CAMBRIDGE.

thougive me Crownes, brave Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Je v^{ous} supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par- | donner, Je suis le Gentilbome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Je | vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pist. What are his words? 42

Boy. He prayes you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Jurement, de par- donner au- | cune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a pro- | mets, il est contert a vous donne le liberte le franchisement. | 51

Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donne milles remerciours, et | Je me estime beurex que Je intombe, entre les main. d'un Cbe- | valier Je peuse le plus brave valiant et tres distinie signieur | a' Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and thrice-worthy signieur of England. 60

39-40. ma .. le Gentilbome de bon .. garde: me .. gentilhomme de bonne .. gardez--THEOBALD.

46-7. 2 ll. ending I, take--JOHNSON.

49-51. et contra .. aucune prisonner: neant-mons .. escues .. layt a promets .. a vous donne le: contre .. aucun prisonnier, néanmoins .. écus .. l'avez promis .. de vous donner la--THEOBALD, DYCE.

52-4. se .. remerciours .. me estime beurex .. intombe .. main .. peuse .. tres distinie: Je .. remerciemens .. m'estime heureux .. suis tombé .. mains .. pense .. très distingué--THEOBALD, DYCE, CAMBRIDGE.

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercys shew. Follow mee.

Boy. *Saave vous le grand Capitaine?*

I did never know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring divell i' th olde play, that everie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good pray of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit. 73

[Scene v. *Another part of the field.*]

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O *Diablo*.

Orl. O *sigueur le jour et perdia, toute et perdie.*

Dol. *Mor Dieu ma vie*, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O *meschante Fortune*, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke. ¹ *lasting*

Dol. O perdurable¹ shame, let's stab our selves: 10
Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,
Let us dye in once more hacke againe,

61-2. 2 ll. ending show, me-POPE. 63. *Saave*: *Suivex*-ROWE.

4. *sigueur .. perdie*: *Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu*-ROWE.

5. *Mor Dieu*: *Mort de*-QQ.

7-9. 2 ll. ending fortune, broke-CAPEL.

14. *in once*: *in honour*; *once*-QQ.

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
 Like a base Pander^s hold the Chamber doore,
 Whilst a base slave, no gentler then my dogge,
 His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd us, friend us now,
 Let us on heapes go offer up our lives. 21

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

Bur. The divell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
 Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

[Scene vi. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne
 [*Exeter and others*], with Prisoners.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant Countermen,
 But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Majesty

King. Lives he good Uncle: thrice within this houre
 I saw him downe; thrice up againe, and fighting,
 From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye,
 Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, 10
 (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
 The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled over
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
 And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawne upon his face.
 He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,

18. *Whilst a base slave: Whilst by a slave-QQ.*

vi. 17. *He .. my: And .. dear-QQ.*

My soule shall thine keepe company to heaven:
 Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field 20
 We kept together in our Chivalrie.

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up,
 He smil'd me in the face, raught¹ me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
 Commend my service to my Sovereigne, ^{1 reached}
 So did he turne, and over Suffolkes necke
 He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A Testament of Noble-ending-love:
 The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd 30
 Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
 But I had not so much of man in mee,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to teares.

King. I blame you not,
 For hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. *Alarum*
 But hearke, what new alarum is this same?
 The French have re-encōpre'd their scatter'd men:
 Then every souldiour kill his Prisoners, 40
 Give the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

[Scene vii. *Another part of the field.*]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly
 against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knave-

37. *mixtfull* & *mistful*—THEOBALD. 10: 100—3-4F.

1. *Actus Quartus*: out—ROWE.

ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every soldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King. 12

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a litle variations. 20

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you sall finde in the comparisons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, & there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other River: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and

HENRY THE FIFT

[IV. vii. 38-66

his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you)⁴⁰ kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he nēver kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mockes, I have forgot his name. 50

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. [*Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.*] Flourish. |

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Untill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come downe, 60 Or voyde the field: they do offend our sight. If they'l do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we have,

40, 46. *Clytus*: Cleitus—CAMBRIDGE.

53. *Monmouth*: misprint 1F.

59. *yond*: yon—POPE.

63. *sker*: skirr (skir)—CAPELL.

And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they us'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst
thou not, 72

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?
Com'st thou againe for ransome?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while) 80
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilke rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give vs leave great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no, 90
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*. 98

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Majesty) and your great Uncle *Edward* the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I have read in the *Chronicles*, fought
a most prave pattle here in France.

Kin. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty sayes very true: If your Majesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Majesty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the service: And I do beleeve
your Majesty takes no scorne to weare the Lecke uppon
S. Tavi's day. 110

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maje-
sties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that:
God plesse it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Majesty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesties Countreyman, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God
so long as your Majesty is an honest man. 121

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

117. *Counnymen*: countryman-2-4F. 122. *Good*: God-3-4F.
122, 124. I L.-CAPELL.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Glove in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Majesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alive. 131

Kin. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Majesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can see my Glove in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alive) I wil strike it out soundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath. 140

Flu. Hee is a Craven and a Villaine else, and't please your Majesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Jentleman as the divel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Jacke sawce, as ever his blacke shoo trodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow. 152

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I live.

King. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. *Exit.* 159

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this favour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were downetogether, I pluckt this Glove from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any sàch, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honòrs as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Glove; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou *Gower*? 171

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box a'th'care.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should 180
Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some sodaine mischiefc may arise of it:

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an injurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Unckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

165. and: an-CAPELL.

170. and: an't-POPE.

172. and: an't-DELIUS.

[Scene viii. *Before King Henry's pavilion.*]

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. 10

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as any *es* in the Univer-sall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alancons*. 21

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praysed be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Majestic. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter? 28

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Glove which your Majestic is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glove in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word. 37

Flu. Your Majestic heare now, saving your Majesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie Knave it is: I hope your Majestic is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanson*, that your Majestic is give me, in your Conscience now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier; Looke, heere is the fellow of it: 'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike, And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Majestic, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction? 50

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majestic.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majestic came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me. 61

King. Here Unckle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crownes,
And give it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for
you, and I pray you to serve God, and keepe you out of
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I
warrant you it is the better for you. 71

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serve
you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you
be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good
silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red
French. 80

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken,
Unckle?

'Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six: added to these, 90
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.

The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,

Jaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France, 100

The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,

Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,

John Duke of Alanson, *Anthony* Duke of Brabant,

The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,

And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of lustie Earles,

Grandpre and *Roussie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,

Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*.

Here was a Royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke, 110

Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* Esquire;

None else of name: and of all other men,

But five and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere:

And not to us, but to thy Arme alone,

Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,

But in plaine shock, and even play of Battaile,

Was ever knowne so great and little losse?

On one part and on th'other, take it God,

For it is none but thine.

120

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:

And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,

To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,

Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Majestie, to tell
how many is kill'd?

113-14. 11.—CAPELL.

122. *me:* we-2-4F.

126. *and:* an't (and it—Qq. an—POPE)—CAMBRIDGE.

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good. 130

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,

The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

[PROLOGUE.]

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there scene,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts, 10
Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach ¹*fences*
Pales¹ in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler² fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword 20

131. *Rights*: rites—*Popl.* ²*fifer preceding a procession*

12. *Men, Wives*: men, with wives—2-4F.

HENRY THE FIFT

[V. Prol. 19-i. 2]

Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæsar* in: 30
As by a lower, but by loving likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
'To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France, 40
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him; and my selfe have play'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.
Exit.

[Scene i. *France. The English camp.*]*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? *S. Davies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Capitaine *Gower*; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, praggling Knave *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and sault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires. 14.

Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll*: you scurvie lowsie Knave, God plesse you. 20

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base Trojan, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvie lowsie Knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eate it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats. 30

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
Will you be so good, scauld Knave, as eate it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knave, when Gods

will^{is}: I will desire you to live in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you have astonisht him. 40

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

Pist. Must I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leeke, I will most horribly revenge I eate and eate I sweare. 49

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to you: Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pist. Me a groat? 60

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

66. bu'y: b' wi—CAPELL.

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this. ' 68

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began upon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words. I have seene you gleeking¹ & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit* 78

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle² of a malady of France, and there my rendevous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and somethinge leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale:

¹jeering ²hospital
And patches will I get unto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *France. A royal palace.*]

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, | and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, | [the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies] the [French] King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and | other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;

70. *began:* begun—CAPELL. 79-85. 8 ll. ending now, spital, France, off, limbs, turn, hand, steal—POPE.

80. *Spittle:* spital—POPE. *a:* out—POPE.

81. *rendevous:* rendezvous—ROWE. 87. *swore:* swear—3-4F.

3. *Bourgogne:* Burgundy—ROWE.

Unto our brother France, and to our Sister
 Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wishes
 To our most faire and Princely Casine *Katherine*:
 And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, 1 10
 We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
 So are you Princes (English) every one.

Quec. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 Your eyes which hitherto have borne
 In them against the French that met them in their bent,
 'The fatall Ball^{ls} of murdering Basiliskes: 21
 'The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
 Have lost their qualitic, and that this day
 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quec. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall love.
 Great Kings of France and England: that I have labour'd
 With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeavors,
 To bring your most Imperiall Majesties 30
 Unto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
 Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.
 Since then my Office hath so farre prevayl'd,
 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
 You have congrected: let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand before this Royall view,
 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,

11. *Burgogne*: Burgundy, and so throughout—Rowe.

16. *Ireland*: England—2-4F.

19-20. 2 ll. ending them, bent—2-4F.

Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
 Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and joyfull Births,
 Should not in this best Garden of the World, 40
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely Visage?
 Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Unpruned, dyes: her Hedges even pleach'd,
 Like Prisoners wildly over-growne with hayre,
 Put forth disorder'd 'Twigs: her fallow Leas,
 The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 Doth root upon; while that the Culter rusts, 50
 That should deracinate such Savagery:
 The even Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clover,
 Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranke;
 Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres,
 Loosing both beautie and utilitie;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
 Even so our Houses, and our selves, and Children, 60
 Have lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 The Sciences that should become our Countrey;
 But grow like Savages, as Souldiers will,
 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire,
 And every thing that seemes unnaturall.
 Which to reduce into our former favour, ¹ *hindrance*
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the Let,¹ why gentle Peace

49. *Femetary*: fumitory-4F.50. *Culter*: coulter-Johnson.54. *witball*: all-2Rowe.65. *defus'd*: diffused-3-4F.

Should not expell these inconveniences, 70
And blesse us with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so urg'd,
Lyes in his Answer. 81

France. I have but with a curselarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them; we will suddenly
Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Uncle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King, 90
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best
Shall see advantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le consigne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, he stood on.

England. Yet leave our Cousin *Katherine* here with us,

76. *Tenures*: *tenours*—THEOBALD.

79-81. 2 ll. ending peace, answer—POPE.

82. *curselarie*: *cursorary*—QQ.

98. *Happily*: *Haply*—4F.

She is our capitall Demand, compris'd 101
 Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leave. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
 Such as will enter at a Ladyes care,
 And pleade his Love-suit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Majestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
 your England. 110

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will love me soundly
 with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
 fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
 like me, *Kate*? 111

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
 Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*

King. I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush
 to affirme it. 121

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de
 tromperies.*

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
 men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongeus of de mans is he full of de-
 ceits: dat is de Princesse. 127

King. The Princesse is the better English-woman:
 yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy understanding, I am
 glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
 could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that

115. *Pardonne: Pardonnez-Rowe. wat: vat-Rowe.*

122. *plein: pleines-Pore.*

126. *tongues: tongues-4F.*

thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in love, but directly to say, I love you; then if you urge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Give me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain: how say you, Lady? ^{1 natural}

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonneur*, me understaïd well. 138

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you undid me: for the one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horse for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack an Apes, never off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I never use till urg'd, nor never breake for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning? that never lookes in his Glasse, for love of any thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and uncoyned¹ Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselves into Ladyes favours, they doe alwayes reason themselves

138. *well*: vell—CAPELL.

144. *vawting*: vaulting—3-4F.

out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will stoope, a blacke Beafd will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keepe his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what say'st thou then to my Love? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee. 174

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should love the Enemy of France, *Kate*; but in loving me, you should love the Friend of France: for I love France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine. 182

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous avez le possession de moy.* (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unlesse it be to laugh at me. 192

Kath. *Sauf vostre boneur, le Francois ques vous parles, il & melieus que l'Anglois le quel Je parle.*

187. *avez: avez*—CAPELL.

189. *estes: êtes*—DYCK.

193-4. *ques vous parles, il & melieus: que vous parlez, il est meilleur*—POPE, HAMMER.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love mee?

Kath. I cannot tell. 200

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I have a saving Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling,¹ and thou must therefore needes prove a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce. striving

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & devin* | *desse*. 222

Kath. Your Majestee ave fause Frenche enough to deceive de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye upon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I love thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare

224. *Damoiseil*: *demoiselle*—Rowe.

not sweare thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and untempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Civill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyte is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

251

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere*.

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

King. Upon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy:*

258. *Laisse: Laissez-Rowz.*

*Je ne | veus point que vous abbaïsse vostre grandeus,
en baisant le | main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne ser-
viteur excuse moy. Je | vous supplie mon tres-puissant
Seigneur. |* 261

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate.

Kath. Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisée devant
leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of
Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Majestec entendre better que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to
kisse before they are married, would she say? 271

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O Kate, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.
Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the ma-
kers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that followes
our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
will doe yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your
Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently,
and yeelding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes,
Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and
they should sooner perswade Harry of England, then a

259. *veus .. abbaïsse vostre grandeus*: *veux .. abaïssiez votre grandeur*-DYCE, CAMBRIDGE.

260. *nostre Seigneur indigne*: *de votre seigneurie indigne*-CAMBRIDGE. *excuse*: *excusez*-ROWE.

263. *baisée*: *baisée*-THEOBALD.

264. *nopcese il net*: *noces*-DYCE; *il n'est*-POPE.

267. *buisse*: *baiser*-HANMER. *Anglish*: *English*-34F.

272. *Ouy verayment*: *Oui, vraiment*-DYCE.

273. *cursie*: *courtesy*-ROWE.

generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes' your
 Father. 285

*Enter the French Power, and the English
 Lords.*

Burg. God save your Majestic, my Royall Cousin,
 teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Cousin, how
 perfectly I love her, and that is good English. 291

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
 tion¹ is not smooth: so that having neyther the Voyce nor
 the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so conjure up
 the Spirit of Love in her, that hee will appeare in his true
 likenesse. ^{1 manner} 297

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer
 you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must
 make a Circle: if conjure up Love in her in his true
 likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you
 blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the
 Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance
 of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were
 (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to consigne
 to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Love is blind
 and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see
 not what they doe. 310

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to
 consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you
 will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
 Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholo-

mew-tyde, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Còusin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to. 321

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Love for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entered. 330

England. Shalt Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee have consented to all tearmes of reason.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted every Article: 340
His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,
According to their firme proposed natures.

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majestic demands, That the King of France
having any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-

329-30. *both entered:* hath never entered—Rowe.

on, in French: *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre* ' *Heretere de Fraunce*: and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

France. Nor this I have not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe. 351

England. I pray you then, in love and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse up
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Conjunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord 360
In their sweet Bosomes: that never Warre advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate*: and heare me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Sovraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie, 371
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath

348. *Heretere*: Héritier—HUDSON.

HENRY THE FIFT

[V. ii. 400—Ep. 13]

And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues. 380

Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,

And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

Senet.

Exeunt.

[EPILOGUE.]

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-unable Pen,

Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,

In little roome confining mightie men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time: but in that small, most greatly lived

This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;

By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieved:

And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King 10

Of France and England, did this King succeed:

Whose State so many had the managing,

That they lost France, and made his England bleed:

Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,

In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

**THE FIRST PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT**

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION •

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE three parts of 'Henry the Sixth' continue the historical account from 'Henry the Fifth.' The Wars of the Roses begin, and the narrative takes the aspect of bloody tragedy.

The First Part chronicles, in the opening act, the early death of Henry V and the crowning of his son as Henry VI, who is heir to both the English and French thrones. News is received of severe losses to the French, who are seizing this moment of English weakness and private quarrels to retake many of their cities. The Dauphin is powerfully aided by a shepherd's daughter, Joan la Pucelle, or Joan of Arc.

In Act II the disputes of Richard Plantagenet, afterward Duke of York, and John Beaufort, afterward Duke of Somerset, whose crests are decorated by white and red roses respectively, mark the beginning of civil strife in England.

The French meanwhile are pressing their conquests (Act III), though opposed by the stanch Talbot, whose high merit is recognized by Henry VI on the occasion of his second coronation at Paris. Talbot is created Earl of Shrewsbury.

Talbot, in Act IV, attempts to take Bordeaux, but is surrounded by a greatly superior force under the Dauphin. The wrangles of York and Somerset pre-

I. HENRY THE SIXT

vent their sending aid to Talbot at this juncture, and he is slain in a stubborn conflict.

But the French have also suffered a severe loss in the capture of Joan of Arc (Act V), who is burned at the stake for witchcraft. The war fluctuates until peace proposals are made, wherein the Dauphin consents to reign as viceroy to England. Henry VI meanwhile asks for the hand of Margaret of Anjou.

SOURCES

The three parts of 'Henry VI,' being component parts of one play, will here be considered together in regard to sources and authorship. The First Part found its earliest known printing in the First Folio edition. The Second Part was printed anonymously in a Quarto, entitled 'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster,' before it became the Second Part of 'Henry VI' in the First Folio, from which it differed widely.* The Third Part appeared anonymously in a Quarto, entitled 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke,' before it became the Third Part of 'Henry VI,' also with variations.

Whatever author or authors wrote these plays, their original sources were Holinshed's 'Chronicles' and Hall's 'Chronicle,' which early histories furnished the groundwork of fact for the dramatists to build upon. In the First Part this historical fact is followed more closely than in the other two.

But the question of authorship is the perplexing one. Many pages and even volumes have been written in the discussion, and critical opinion is still greatly divided. It generally agrees, however, upon one contention — that Shakespeare, if a writer of these plays, was not

INTRODUCTION

their sole author. The First Part had no earlier appearance than the First Folio, where it was published as a work of Shakespeare's. But the opening act and various scenes point to other and inferior hands. It has been assigned to Marlowe, Nash, and Peele, with the collaboration or subsequent editing of Shakespeare; but the latter's hand appears so dimly and fitfully as to cause some editors to plead for its rejection from the canon. Nevertheless, its inclusion in the authoritative Folio, together with other evidences, minor and internal, preserves the First Part safely though doubtfully Shakespeare's.

The problem becomes more complicated in considering the Second and Third Parts, which, as we have seen, were previously published in different form and under different names. Part II consists of 3075 lines, of which 1715 are new, 840 altered, and 520 retained from the Quarto play of 'The Contention.' Part III consists of 2902 lines, 1021 being new, 871 altered, and 1010 retained from the Quarto, 'True Tragedie.' These two Quartos were published together about 1619, after Shakespeare's death, with his name on the title-page. The same publisher, however, had taken advantage of his popularity to ascribe to him other plays which were not his; and this fact, therefore, proves nothing.

It seems evident, on the other hand, that Robert Greene was concerned in the writing of 'The Contention' and 'The True Tragedie.' On his death-bed, in 1592, he gave out a manuscript entitled 'A Groatsworth of Witte,' in which he accused Shakespeare of plagiarizing from him, in the following language: 'Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow beautiful with our feathers, that with his "Tygres heart wrapt in

I. HENRY THE SIXT

a players hyde," supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the beste of you; and besing an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his owne conceyt, the onely Shake-scene in a Countrey.' The line which Greene quotes is found, slightly changed, in both 'The True Tragedie' and the Third Part of 'Henry VI.' His complaint is corroborated in Gent's 'Greene's Funeralls' (1594) by a sonnet ending:

'Nay more, the men that so Eclipst his fame
Purloyned his Plumes, can they deny the same?'

While Chettle, another contemporary writer, apologizes for Greene's attack, without retracting the charge. The 'Groatsworth' as a whole seems to imply that Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps Peele, wrote these two plays; that Shakespeare also assisted, for the line used as a reproach was evidently the latter's; and that Shakespeare afterward appropriated the joint material as his own. In the Epilogue to 'Henry V' (written later) 'Henry VI' is referred to by name, and presumably as a work of separate parts:

'Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.'

'Henry V' being confessedly Shakespeare's, he seems thus to claim 'Henry VI' also.

But we must not overlook the fact that the two Quartos do not bear Shakespeare's name, and that the Folio, which does, presents a far better text. It is but fair to assume, then, that Shakespeare thoroughly revised the Quartos, taking from them the lines which he had originally written, and making free use of the rest, altering some and retaining others. The finished

INTRODUCTION

product, however, has so strong a Marlowan flavour as to lead many editors to suppose that Marlowe and Shakespeare worked conjointly in the revision of the older plays. These Quarto versions were printed in garbled form, and were probably pirated editions made from shorthand notes of stage performances.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period occupied by the First Part of 'Henry VI' is from August 31, 1422, the death of Henry V., to the close of 1444, the betrothal of Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou. The time represented on the stage is eight days, with intervals.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

In 1592 Thomas Nash, in his 'Pierce Penniless,' alluded to a play on this subject, telling of the popularity of 'Talbot, the terror of the French,' when triumphing 'again on the stage.' Henslowe's 'Diary' makes a still earlier allusion to a performance of the play 'Henery the vi,' March 3, 1591. Since neither of the other two parts bore a similar title, and traces of no earlier work exist, the above two entries may safely be credited as references to Shakespeare's First Part of 'Henry VI.'

Another bit of date evidence is given by Greene's death-bed attack of 1592, which, while it referred directly to the Third Part, must certainly place the First Part earlier than this time, for by its nature it was written before the Second and Third Parts.

The Epilogue to 'Henry V' (1599) alludes to 'Henry VI' as a previous production. Meres, in

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1598, does not mention it, probably on account of its disputed authorship.

Internal evidence is not reliable, but places the text among the earliest works of Shakespeare, when he was under the influence of other writers, if not assisted by them.

The First Part of 'Henry VI' probably belongs to the year 1589 or 1590.

EARLY EDITIONS

The earliest printing of the First Part, as has been stated, was in the First Folio of 1623. It there occupies twenty-four pages, from page 96 to page 119, inclusive, under histories. It is divided into acts and scenes, but lacks the *Dramatis Personæ*, which Rowe afterward supplied.

The text is fairly good in typography, but contains many irregularities of rhythm and expression.

**THE FIRST PART . OF
HENRY THE SIXT**

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*

HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cûrdinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

VERNON, *of the White Rose or York faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.*

A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

**MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married
to King Henry.**

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

**Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers,
Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.**

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: Partly in England, and partly in France.]

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXT



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Westminster Abbey.]

Dead March.

*Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by
the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke
of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter War-
wicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and
the Duke of Somerset.*

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie, 11
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Glost. England ne're had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire, 20

More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
 Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his Deeds exceed all spech:
 He ne're lift up his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
 Upon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
 And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
 We with our stately presence glorifie,
 Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Carre. 30
 What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
 That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
 Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
 Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
 By Magick Verses have contriv'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
 Unto the French, the dreadfull Judgement-Day
 So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
 The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
 The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous. 40

Glost. The Church? where is it?
 Had not Church-men pray'd,
 His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
 None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
 Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
 And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
 Thy Wife is prowd, she holdeth thee in awe,
 More then God or Religious Church-men may. 49

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
 And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foca.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jarres, & rest your minds in peace:
 Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on us;
 In stead of Gold, wee'le offer up our Armes,
 Since Armes avayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
 Posteritie await for wretched yeeeres,
 When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
 Our Ile be made a Nourish¹ of salt Teares, ^{1 nurse}
 And none but Women left to wayle the dead. 60
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I invoke:
 Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles,
 Combat with adverse Planets in the Heavens;
 A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
 Then *Julius Caesar*, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
 Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance, 70
 Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's*
 Coarse? |
 Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
 Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded up?
 If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
 These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was us'd?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
 Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered, 80
 That here you maintaine severall Factions:
 And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,

58. moistned: moist-2-4F.

59. Ile: isle-3-4F.

75. Roan: Rouen, and so throughout-STEEVENS.

You are disputing of your Generals.
 One would have lingring Warres, with little cost;
 Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings;
 A third thinkes, without expence at all,
 By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
 Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
 Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
 Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes 90
 Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
 These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
 Give me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
 Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
 Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
 To weepe their intermissive Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite, 101
 Except some petty Townes, of no import.
 The Dolphin *Charles* is crow'ed King in Rheimes:
 The Bastard of Orleance with him is joyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
 The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
 O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out. 110

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?

93. *ber*: their—THEOBALD.

103. *Dolphin*: Dauphin, and so throughout—ROWE.

103. *Rheimes*: Rheims—ROWE. 104. *Orleance*: Orleans, and so throughout—ROWE.

An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so?

3. *Mes.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large. 121

The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompassed, and set upon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly, 130

To keepe the Horsemes. off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine, 140
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,

136. *slew: flew-2Rowz.*

If Sir *John Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
 He being in the Vauward,¹ plac't behinde, 1 van
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.
 Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
 Enclosed were they with their Enemies.

A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
 Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back, 150
 Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
 Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
 For living idly here, in pompe and ease,
 Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
 Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,
 And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
 Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay. 160
 Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
 His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
 Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
 Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
 Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. *Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
 The English Army is growne weake and faint: 170
 The Earle of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutinie,
 Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exc. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry*sworne:

143. *Falstaffe*: *Fastolfe*, and so throughout—THEOBALD.

153. *slaine then?* *I: slain?* then I—JOHNSON.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. i. 163-ii. 7

Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillerie and Munition, 180
And then I will proclayme young *Henry King.*

Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Governor,
And for his safetic there Ile best devise. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publike Weale. 190
Exit.

[Scene ii. *France. Before Orleans.*]

Sound a Flourish.

*Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.*

Charles. *March* his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts, 10

183. *Eltam:* *Batham*, and so throughout—STEEVENS.

189. *und:* steal—SINGER.

2. *Reigneir:* *Reignier*, and so throughout—ROWE.

Faintly besiege us one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeves:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayne the Siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre. 20

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the
English, with great losse.*

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies. 30

Reigneir. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alanson. *Froysard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne? 40
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,

27. *Reigneir*: *Reignier*-2-4F.

35. *Froysard*: *Froissart*-CAPELL.

36. *breed*: *bred*-Rowz.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. ii. 36-61

They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll teare downe, then forsake the Siege.

Reigneir. I thinke by some odde Gimmors¹ or Device
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe: 50
By my consent, wee'll even let them alone. ¹*clockwork*
Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes
for him.

Dolph. [*Char.*] Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome
to us. |

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear² appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? ²*looks*
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring, 60
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeve my words,
For they are certaine, and unfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: [*Exit Bast.*] but first, to try
her skill, |

Reigneir stand thou as Dolphin in my place; 70

Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter [Bast. with] Joane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?

Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though never seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talke with thee apart: 80
Stand back you Lords, and give us leave a while.

Reigneir. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit untrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me, 90
And in a Vision full of Majestie,
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reveal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st, 100
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.

73. *Puzel:* La Pucelle, and so throughout—CAPRELL.

97. *you may see: you see*—2-4F.

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolpb. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side, 110
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolpb. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.

Puzel. And while I live, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Joane de Puzel overcomes.

Dolpb. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too
weake.

Dolpb. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
me: | 120

Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not Sovereigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke upon a recompence.

Dolpb. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall. 131

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

110. *fine:* AVE-STEVENS.

113. *a:* O'-THEOBALD.

126. *rights:* RITES-POPE.

Alans. Doubtlesse he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepe no
meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what devise you
on? |

Shall we give o're Orleance, or no? 140

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolpb. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight
it out.

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.

This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:

Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I have entred into these Warres.

Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe, 150

Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.

With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,

Dispersed are the glories it included:

Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,

Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolpb. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?

Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,

Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.

Bright Starre of *Venus*, false downe on the Earth, 160

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leave off delayes, and let us rayse the
Siege.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. ii. 147-iii. 16

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors, |

Drive them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.

Dolpb. Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee prove false. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *London. Before the Tower.*]

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men [in blue coats].

Glost. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conveyance:¹
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls. ¹ *thievery*

1. *Warder.* [*Witbin*] Who's there, that knocks so imperiously? |

Glost. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. *Warder.* [*Witbin*] Who ere he be, you may not be let in. |

1. *Man.* Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1. *Warder.* [*Witbin*] The Lord protect him, so we answer him, | 10

We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Glost. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake up the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

*Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile
the Lieutenant speakes witbin.*

Woodvile. What noyse is this? what Traytors have wee here?

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare? 20

1. *Gloster:* Gloucester, and so throughout-*Rowe.*

Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Woodville. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:

From him I have expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glost. Faint-hearted *Woodville*, prizest him'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Sovereigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly. 30

Servingsmen. Open the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester
and his men in Tawney Coates.*

Winchest. How now ambitious *Umphbir*, what meanes
this?

Glost. Piel'd¹ Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out? ^{1 shaven}

Winch. I doe, thou most usurping Proditor,²
And not Protector of the King (or Realme. ^{2 traitor} &c

Glost. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murder our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canvas³ thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat, ^{3 toss}
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing⁴ Cloth, 50
Ile use, to carry thee out of this place. ^{4 christening}

35. *Umphbir*: Humphry—THEOBALD.

37. *Piel'd*: Peel'd—CAMBRIDGE.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. iii. 44-69

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy face. 6

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
Under my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hât:
In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee up and downe. 60

Winch. *Gloster*, thou wilt answere this before the Pope.

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

*Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,
and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
of London, and his Officers.*

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
'Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace. 71

Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his use.

Winch. Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and never Peace,
O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines;
That seekes to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower, 80
To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince.

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

68. *Maior*: Mayor, and so throughout—2-4F.

73. *Beauford*: Beaufort, and so throughout—CAPELL.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:

[*Off.*] *All manner of men, assembled here in Armes
this day, | against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge
and command | you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre
to your severall dwel- | ling places, and not to weare,
handle, or use any Sword, Wea- | pon, or Dagger hence-
forward, upon paine of death.* | 91

Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. *Gloster*, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Devill.

Glost. Maior farewell: thou doo'st but what thou
may'st.

Winch. Abhominable *Gloster*, guard thy Head, too
For I intend to have it ere long. *Exeunt*

[*severally, Glo. & Winch. with their Serving-men*].

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will de-
part. |

Good God, these Nobles should such stomachs beare,
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. Orleans.]

*Enter [on the walls] the Master Gunner of Orleance,
and | his Boy.*

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is be-
sieged, |

86. cry: separate l.—CAMBRIDGE.

94. wee'le meet to: we will meet; to—CAMBRIDGE.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. iv. 2-27

And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How c're unfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd
by me: |

Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espyals¹ have informed me, ^{1 spies} 10
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to over-peere the Citie,
And thence discover, how with most advantage
They may vex us with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And even these three dayes have I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stry no longer. 20

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Governors. *Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
He never trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit.*

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with [Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave,
and] others. |*

Salisb. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top. 30

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,

12. *Went:* Wont—STEVENS (1793).

19-20. 2 ll. Ending them, longer—MALONE.

29. got's: got'st—4F.

31. *Earle:* Duke—TREBOLD.

Call'd the brave Lord *Penton de Santrayle*,
 For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
 But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
 Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
 Which I disdainig, scorn'd, and craved death,
 Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute, 40
 If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisb. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
 tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
 In open Market-place produc't they me,
 To be a publique spectacle to all:
 Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
 The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
 Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
 And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurle at the beholders of my shame. 51
 My grisly countenance made others flye,
 None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
 In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
 So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
 And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
 Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
 That walkt about me every Minute while:
 And if I did but stirre out of my Bed, 60
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

32. *Santrayle*: Santrailles—CAPELL. 37. *pil'd*: vile (vilde)—PORZ.
 55. *were*: was—ROWZ.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisb. I grieve to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifig:
Let us looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your expresse opinions, 70
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargrave. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skinmishes enfeebled. *Here they shot, and
Salisbury falls downe [and Gargrave].*

Salisb. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gargrave. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us?
Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake: 82
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?

One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?

Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,

That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedie.

In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:

Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.

Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck up,
His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field. 90

Yet liv'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heaven for grace.

72. stands: stand-2-4F.

77. shot: shoot-Rowz.

The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.

Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,

If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.

Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any life?

Speake unto *Talbot*, nay, looke up to him.

Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not dye whiles——

100

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:

As who should say, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and like thee,

Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:

Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?

Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

110

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gathered head. |

The Dolphin, with one *Joane de Puzel* joyn'd,

A holy Prophetesse, new risen up,

Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe up, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,

It irkes his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.

Puzel or *Pussel*,¹ Dolphin or Dog-fish, ¹ *drab* or virgin

Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles, 120

And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.

104. *ibet*: thee, Nero—MALONE.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. iv. 110—v. 18]

Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

[Scene v. *The same.*]

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursuet to the Dolphin,
and driveth him: Then enter Joane de Puzel,
driving Englishmen before her [and exit after them].
Then enter Talbot.*

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile have a bowt with thee:
Devill, or Devils Dam, Ile conjure thee: 10
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway give thy Soule to him thou serv'st.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
thee. *Here they fight.*

Talb. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevayle?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. *Talbot* farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith: 21

*A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.*

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare up thy hungry-starved men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
 I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
 A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*, 30
 Drives back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
 So Bees with smoake, and Doves with noysome stench,
 Are from their Hyves and Houses driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
 Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A sbort Alarum.

Hearke Countreymen, cyther renew the fight,
 Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
 Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons stead:
 Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe, 40
 Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
 As you flye from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Tranches:
 You all consented unto *Salisburies* death,
 For none would strike a stroake in his revenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
 In spight of us, or ought that we could doe.
 O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
 The shame hereof, will make me hide my head. 50

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

[Scene vi. *The same.*]

*Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin [Charles],
 Reigneir, | Alanson, and Souldiers.*

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
 Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.
 Thus *Joane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

HENRY THE SIXT

[1. vi. 4-31

Dolpb. Divinest Creature, *Astrea's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse, 10
Recover'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.*

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,
When they shall heare how we have play'd the men.

Dolpb. 'Tis *Joane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will divide my Crowne with her, 21
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.

A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodopbe's* or *Memphis* ever was.

In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Urne more precious
Then the rich-jewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festivals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France. 30

No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

6. *Astrea's*: *Astræa's*—CAPELL. 8. *Garden*: *gardens*—HANMER.
13-14. 1 l.—POPE.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.[*Before Orleans.*]*Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.*

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
 If any noyse or Souldier you perceive
 Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
 Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus
 are poore Servitors |
 (When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
 Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold. 9

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, [and forces,]
 with scaling | Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
 Dead March. ♩*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
 By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friended to us:
 This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
 Having all day carows'd and banquetted,
 Embrace we then this opportunitie,
 As fitting best to quittance¹ their deceite, *1requite*
 Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie. 20

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
 Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
 To joyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
 But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long:
 If underneath the Standard of the French
 She carry Armour, as she hath begun. 30

HENRY THE SIXT

[II. i. 25-50]

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes:
That if it chance the one of us do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

40

Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

*T'be French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter
severall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,
halfe ready, and halfe unready.*

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unreadie¹ so?

Bast. Unready? I and glad we scap'd so well. 51

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores. ¹*unarmed*

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate then this.

Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alans. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvell how he sped?

• Enter Charles and Joane.

60

Bast. Tut, holy *Joane* was his defensive Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withall,
Make us partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Joane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischiefe never could have falne. 71

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct, 81
I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Joane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes¹ to endamage them. 90

Excunt. ¹plots

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:
they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of Talbot serves me for a Sword,

HENRY THE SIXT

[II. i. 80—ii. 24

For I have loaden me with many Spoyles,
Using no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Orleans. Within the town.*]

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie [a Captain, and others]. |

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vayl'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat [sounded]. |

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soule:
For every drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night. 10
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may reade,
Shall be engrav'd the sacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace, 20
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Joane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,

7. Centure: centre—3-4F.

21. Acre: Arc-Rowe.

Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of loving Turtle-Doves, 31
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Overgne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowme, 41
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
'To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,¹ ¹ dwells
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne unto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes crave to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not prevayle with all their Oratorie, 51
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:

40. *Overgne*: Auvergne—Rowe.

56. *'tis*: it is—MALONE.

And I have heard it sayd, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to prove this Ladyes courtesie. 60
Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

[Scene iii. *Auvergne. The Countess's castle.*]

Enter Countesse [and her Porter].

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death. ^{1 judgment}
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchievements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine cares,
To give their censure¹ of these rare reports. 11

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false. 20

13. *Madame:* separate l.—STEVENS (1793).

I thought I should have seene some *Hercules*,
 A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
 And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.

Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfie:

It cannot be, this weake and writhled ¹shrimpe
 Should strike such terror to his Enemies. ¹*dried up*

Talb. Madame, I have beene bold to trouble you:
 But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
 Ile sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now? 30
 Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
 To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
 I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
 And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House. 40
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
 That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
 Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
 And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughest thou Wretch? ²*foolish*
 Thy mirth shall turne to moane. 50

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,²

HENRY THE SIXT

[II. iii. 46-73]

To thinke, that you have ought but *Talbots* shadow,
Wherupon to practise your severitie.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie: 60
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

*Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peale
of Ordnance: Enter Souldiers.*

How say you *Midant*? are you now perswaded, 70
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence 80
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster

82. *misconster*: misconstrue -Rowz.

II. iii. 74-iv. 16] 'THE FIRST PART OF

The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done, hath not offended me:
 Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,
 But onely with your patience, that we may
 Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
 For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serve them well. 89
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
 To feast so great a Warrior in my House. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *London. The Temple-garden.*]

*Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
 Poole [Suffolk], and others.*

Yorke. [Plan.] Great Lords and Gentlemen,
 What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
 The Garden here is more convenient.

Yorke. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
 Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I have beene a Truant in the Law, 10
 And never yet could frame my will to it,
 And therefore frame the Law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-
 tweene us.

War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
 Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
 Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
 Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
 I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Judgement: 20

But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts: 30
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*. 40

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here, 51
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Unlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you; 61
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

Yorke. Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Yorke. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No *Plantagenet*:

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes 70
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?

Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding
Roses, |

That shall maintaine what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seene.

Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy. 81

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and
thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*: |

His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England: 90
Spring Crestlesse Ycomen from so deepe a Root?

Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome. ¹*debarred*
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt¹ from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet lives guiltie in thy blood, 100
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that Ile prove on better men then *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension: ² 2 *opinion*
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde us ready for thee still: 110
And know us by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.

Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance³ of my blood-drinking hate, ³ 3 *badge*
Will I for ever, and my Faction weare,
Untill it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:

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And so farwell, untill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

Som. Have with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitipus *Richard*. *Exit.* 121

Yorke. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it?

Warw. This blot that they object against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in signall of my love to thee,
Against prowd *Somerset*, and *William Poole*, 130
Will I upon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

Yorke. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Yorke. Thankes gentle. 140

Come, let us foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *The Tower of London.*]

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
and Taylors.*

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,

125. *wbipt*: wiped (wip't) - 2-4F.

140. *gentle*: gentle sir - 2-4F.

5. *Wrack*: rack - Port.

So fare^o my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
 And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
 Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*. 9
 These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
 Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.¹ ^{1 end}
 Weake Shoulders, over-borne with burthening Griefe,
 And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
 That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
 Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
 (Unable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
 Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
 We sent unto the Temple, unto his Chamber, 21
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
 Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
 Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
 Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then, hath *Richard* beene obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance.
 But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires, 30
 Just Death, kinde Umpire of mens miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismisce me hence:
 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.
Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Unckle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe. 41

Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that case, Ile tell thee my Disease.

This day in argument upon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Among which tearmes, he us'd his lavish tongue, 50
And did upbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore good Unckle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne, 60
Was cursed Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Talc be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North, 70
Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.

The feason mov'd these Warlike Lords to this,
 Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remov'd,
 Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)
 I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
 For by my Mother, I derived am
 From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
 To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
 From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, 80
 Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
 But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
 They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
 I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives.
 Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
 (Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
 Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriv'd
 From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
 Marrying my Sister that thy Mother was;
 Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse, 90
 Levied an Army, weering¹ to redeeme, *1 thinking*
 And have install'd me in the Diademe:
 But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
 And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 In whom the Title rested, were suppress.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
 And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
 Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
 But yet be wary in thy studious care. 100

Rich. Thy grave admonishments prevayle with me:
 But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
 Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

74. *young Richard*: young King Richard-2-4F.

78. *third*: the third-2-4F.

86. *Bullingbrooke*: Bolingbroke-Pope.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
 Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
 And like a Mountaine, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy Unckle is removing hence,
 As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Rich. O Unckle, would some part of my young yeeres
 Might but redeeme the passage of your Age. 111

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as that slaughterer
 doth, |

Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
 Onely give order for my Funerall.
 And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
 And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
 In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
 And like a Hermite over-past thy dayes. 120

Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
 And what I doe imagine, let that rest.

Keepers convey him hence, and I my selfe
 Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*

[*Exeunt Gaolers bearing body of Mortimer.*]

Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
 Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
 And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
 Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
 I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.

And therefore haste I to the Parliament, 130
 Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
 Or make my will th'advantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[Scene i. London. The Parliament-house.]

*Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester,
Warwick, | Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet.*

*Gloster offers | to put up a Bill: Winchester
snatches it, teares it. |*

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?
Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Doe it without invention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporall speech, 10
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my
patience, |
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride. 20
Thou art a most pernicious Usurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more then well beseemes
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Sovereigne, is not quite exempt

From envious mallice of thy swelling heart. 30

Winch. Gloster, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me: how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to advance
Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling,
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be provok'd.

No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke: 40

It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,
And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather!

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest? 50

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And useth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Unreverent *Glocester*.

Glost. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

[*Som.*] My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. [*War.*] I, see the Bishop be not over-borne:

[*Som.*] Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,

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[III. i. 55-81

And know the Office that belongs to such. 62

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. [*Aside*] *Plantagenet* I see must hold his
tongue, |

Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*. 71

King. Unckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would prevayle, if Prayers might prevayle,
To joyne your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should jarre?
Beleeve me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Civill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth. 80

*A noyse within, Downe with the
Tawny-Coats.*

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Uprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pity the Cittie of London, pittie us:
'The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men, 90
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
 That many have their giddy braynes knockt out:
 Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
 And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter [Serving-men] in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
 To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
 Pray' Unckle *Gloster* mitigate this strife. 101

1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall
 to it with our Teeth.

2. *Serving.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Glost. You of my household, leave this peevisish broyle,
 And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
 Just, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
 Inferior to none, but to his Majestie: 110

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
 So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
 To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,¹ ^{1bookman}
 Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
 And have our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
 Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Glost. Stay, stay, I say:
 And if you love me, as you say you doe, 120
 Let me perswade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
 Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?

120. *And: An-Dyce.*

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereigne, and destroy the Realme. 130
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld.

Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should eyer get that priviledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare: 140
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Glost. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Unckle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But prove a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doc?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give. 151

Glost. [*Aside*] I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and loving Countreymen,
This token serveth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. [*Aside*] So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh loving Unckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,

How joyfull am I made by this Contract.

Away my Masters, trouble us no more, 160

But joyne in friendship, as your Lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Taverne affords.

Exeunt [Serving-men, Mayor, &c.]

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soveraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Majestie.

Glo. Wellurg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumstance, 170
You have great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions

At Eltam Place I told your Majestie.

King. And those occasions, Unckle, were of force:
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winchb. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give, 181
That doth belong unto the House of *Yorke*,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vowes obedience,
And humble service, tiU the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my
Foot, |

And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*:

170. *And:* AN-THEOBALD.

180. *that all alone:* that alone-2-4F.

188. *gyrt:* gird-4F.

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke*. 190

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.

Som. [*Aside*] Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of
Yorke.

Glost. Now will it best availe your Majestie,
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects, and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies. 200

King. When *Gloster* says the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Glost. Your Ships already are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

~~*Manet Exeter.*~~

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes under fained ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last breake out into a flame, 210
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:

212. bones: bones (misprint)—GLOSTER.

218. loose: lose-2-4F.

III. i. 200-ii. 19] • THE FIRST PART OF

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish, 219
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*France. Before Rouen.*]

*Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with
Sacks upon their backs.*

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake, 10
Ile by a signe give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall bef^r meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*

Watch. [Within] Cbe la.

Pucell. *Peasauns la pouvre gens de Fraunce,*
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
ground. *Exeunt.* 21

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson [Reignier and forces].

Charles. Saint *Dennis* blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

16. *Cbe la:* Qui est là—MALONE.

17. *Peasauns la pouvre:* Paysans, pauvres—ROWE.

HENRY THE SIXT

[III. ii. 20-40]

Bastard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants: ¹
Now she is there, how will she specifie? ¹*confederates*
Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred. 30

*Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a
Torch burning.*

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth Roan unto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites*.

Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, 41
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

[*Excunt.*]

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy
teares, |

If *Talbot* but survive thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe unawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

*An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought
in sicke in a Chayre.* 50

27. Here: Where-Rowe. 35. Talbonites: Talbotites-THEOBALD.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: witbin, Pucell, Charles, Bastard, [Alençon,] and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may starve (perhaps) before that
time. 61

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, revenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Pe^ramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead? 70
Damsell, Ile have a bowt with you againe,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.
God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*, 80
But unto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.

51. *Burgonie*: Burgundy--Rowe.

53. *God*: Good--3-4F.

64-6. 2 ll. ending lance, chair--P^{ore}.

Will we, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alans. Seignior no.

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Capitaines, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lqokes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.* 90

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buried;
So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye. 100

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe. 109

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.

89. God b'uy: God be wi you—Rowe.

99. Cordelions: Cœur-de-lion's—Rowe.

Me thinks I should revive the Souldiors hearts,
Because I ever found them as my selfe.

Talb. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so: Heavens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting *Enemic*. *Exit.* 120

*An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John
Falstaffe, and a Captaine.*

Capt. Whither away Sir *John Falstaffe*, in such
haste? |

Falst. Whither away? to save my selfe by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow againe.

Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord *Talbot*?

Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to save my life.
Exit.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill for you follow thee.
Exit. 130

*Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and
Charles flye.*

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heaven please,
For I have scene our Enemies overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to save themselves.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

*An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and
the rest.* 140

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:

126-7. 2 ll. ending ay (I), life-HAMMER.

Yet Heavens have glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe. ^{1 scoffs}

Now where's the Bastards braves, and *Charles* his glikes?¹
What ali amort?² Roan hangs her head for grieft, 150
That such a valiant Company are fled. ^{2 cast down}

Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A braver Souldier never couched Launce, 160
A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*The plains near Rouen.*]

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell [and forces].

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,

149. *glikes*: gleeke—HANMER. 163. *humane*: human—ROWE.

Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Traybe,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd. 10

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall never breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joane* devise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words, 20
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.

Alans. For ever should they be expuls'd¹ from France,
And not have Title of an Earledome here. ^{1 expelled}

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceive how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end. 30

Drumme sounds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spread,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French March.

[*Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.*]

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him. 40

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Brave *Burgonie*, undoubted hope of France, Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee. 51

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining *Maladie* of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most unnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast given her wofull Brest. 60
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie. 70
Who joyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When *T'albot* hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
 Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe:
 Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
 And was he not in England Prisoner?
 But when they heard he was thine Enemie, 80
 They set^a him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
 In spite of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
 See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
 And joyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:

These haughtie wordes of hers
 Have batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yeeld upon my knees. 90
 Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
 And Lords accept this heartie ~~and~~ embrace.
 My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
 So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turne and
 turne a- | gaine.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes
 us fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our
 Breasts. 100

Alans. *Pucell* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,
 And joyne our Powers,
 And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.[*Paris. The palace.*]

*Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter [Vernon, Bassett,
and others]: To them, with | his Souldiors,
Talbot. |*

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Sovereigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses, 10
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissive loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace. [*Kneels.*]

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Uncle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Majestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old) 21
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never saw your face.
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,

We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury, 30
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing^{of} these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset. 40

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in wittnesse take ye that.
Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile unto his Majestic, and crave,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong, 50
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.[*Paris. A ball of state.*]

*Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
Somer- | set, Warwicke, Talbot. and Governor
[of Paris] Exeter [and others]. |*

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne upon his head.

Win. God save King *Henry* of that name the sixt.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend¹
Malicious practises against his State: ¹*intend* 10
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Sovereigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,
To teare the Garter from thy Cravens legge,
[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done, because (unworthily) 20
'Thou was't installed in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the rest:
This Dastard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

13. *Calice*: Calais—Rowe.18. *the*: thee—2-4F.23. *Poictiers*: Patay—Malone.

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
 In which assault, we lost twelve hundred men. .
 My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside,
 Were thete surpriz'd, and taken prisoners. 30
 Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amisse:
 Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
 This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeing any common man;
 Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
 Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
 Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
 Such as were growne to credit by the warres: 40
 Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
 But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
 Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
 And should (if I were worthy to be Judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
 That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:
 Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight: 50
 Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
 Sent from our Unckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd
 his Stile?
 No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
 Hath he forgot he is his Sovereaigne?

30. *thete: there*—2-4F.

52. *now Lord: now my lord*—2-4F.

Or doth this churlish Superscription
 Pretend¹ some alteration in good will? ¹ portend
 What's heere? [*Reads*] *I have upon especiall cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my Countries wracke, 61
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your oppression feedes upon,
Forsaken your pernitiuous Faction,
And joyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
 O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
 There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Unckle Burgundy revolt? 69

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (*r.* Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord *T'albot* there shal talk with him,
 And give him chasticement for this abuse.

How say you (*my Lord*) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But that I am prevented, |

I should have begg'd I might have bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him
 straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treason, 80
 And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

T'al. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
 You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Sovereigne.

Bas. And me (*my Lord*) grant me the Combate too.

Yorke. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince.

62. *complaints*: misprint *rF*.

84. *Bassit*: *Basset*-2-4F.

Som. And this is mine (sweet *Henry*) favour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime, 90
And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes: 100
When stubbornly he did repugne¹ the truth, ^{1 resist}
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
To set a glosse upon his bold intent, 110
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-
sicke men,
When for so slighr and frivolous a cause, 120

Such factious æmulations shall arise?

Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your selves (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord. 130

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Us?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverse Objections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves.

Let me perswade you take a better course. 140

Exet. It greeves his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceyve dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be provok'd 150
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?
 Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father,
 My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
 That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.

Let me be Umper in this doubtfull strife: 160

I see no reason if I weare this Rose,

[*Putting on a red rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbray'd me with my Crowne,
 Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
 But your discretions better can perswade,
 Then I am able to instruct or teach:
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace, and love. 170

Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
 To be our Regent in these parts of France:
 And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
 And like true Subjects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
 Go cheerefully together, and digest
 Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
 Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respit, will returne to Calice;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long 180
 To be presented by your Victories,
 With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.

Excunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King

Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

York. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest, 190
Other affayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should have scene decipher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then ye can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court, 200
This factious handying of their Favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Envy breeds unkinde devisions,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Before Bourdeaux.*]

*Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.*

Talb. Go to the Gates of Bourdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall unto the Wall.

[*Trumpet*] *Sounds.*

Enter Generall aloft.

English *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,

190. *And if I wish: And if I wist—CAPELL.*

And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
 Be humble to us, call my Sovereigne yours,
 And do him homage as obedient Subjects, 10
 And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
 But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Leane Faming, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
 Who in a moment, even with the earth,
 Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
 Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
 The period of thy Tyranny approacheth, 20
 On us thou canst not enter but by death:
 For I protest we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
 To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
 And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
 But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face: 30
 Ten thousand French have tane the Sacrament,
 To ryvel¹ their dangerous Artillerie ^{1 discharge}
 Upon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
 Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
 That I thy enemy dew² thee withall: ^{2 endue}
 For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
 Finish the processe of his sandy houre,

32. *ryvel*: rive-3-4F.37. *dew*: due-THEOBALD.

HENRY THE SIXT

[IV. ii. 37–iii. 7]

These eyes that see thee now well coloured, 40
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemies
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere, 50
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of us my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight. 60

[Scene iii. *Plains in Gascony.*]

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your espyals¹ were discovered ^{1 scouts}
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,

Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for
Burdeaux | 10

Yorke. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege.
Renowned *T'albot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am 'bownted¹ by a Traitor Villaine, ^{1 flouted}
And cannot helpe the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger [Sir William Lucy].

2. *Mes.* [*Lucy*] Thou Princely Leader of our Eng-
lish strength, | 20
Never so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble *T'albot*,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux *Yorke*,
Else farwell *T'albot*, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *T'albots* place,
So should wee save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward: 30
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mes. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mes. Then God take mercy on brave *T'albots* soule,
And on his Sonne yong *John*, who two houres since,

23. *waste*: waist-STEEVENS (1778). 34, 35. *loose*: lose-2-4F.
36. *long*: 'long-JOHNSON.

I met in travaile toward his warlike Father;
 This seven yeeres did not *Talbot* see his sonne, 40
 And now they meete where both their lives are done.

Yorke. Alas, what joy shall noble *Talbot* have,
 To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Grave:
 Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
 That sundred friends greeke in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away,
 Long all of Somerset, and his delay. *Exit*

[*with his soldiers*]

Mes. Thus while the Vulture of sedition, 50
 Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
 Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:
 The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
 That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
 Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse. [*Exit.*]

[Scene iv. *Other plains in Gascony.*]

Enter Somerset with his Armie [a Captain of Talbot's with him].

Sam. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
 Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
 Might with a sally of the very Towne
 Be buckled with: the over-daring *Talbot*
 Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
 By this unheedfull, desperate, wilde adventure:
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,

That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name. 10

Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with^A me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.

[*Enter Sir William Lucy.*]

Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent?

Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adversitie,
Cries out for noble *Yorke* and *Somerset*,
To beate assayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue, 20
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your private discord keepe away
The levied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld up his life unto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanson, *Reignard*, compasse him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. *Yorke* set him on, *Yorke* should have sent him
ayde. 31

Luc. And *Yorke* as fast upon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied hoast,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lyes: He might have sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Love,
And take soule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:

17. *Regions*: legions—Rowe.

26. *Yeeld*: Yields—2-4F.

Never to England shall he beare his life, 40
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled:
And flye would *Talbot* never though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Lu. His Fame lives in the world. His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

[Scene v. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*]

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake unable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come unto a Feast of death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse, 10
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?
And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.

Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be slaine.

John. He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe. 20

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
 Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
 Upon my death, the French can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stayne the Honor you have wonne,
 But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
 You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
 But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare. 30
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
 Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
 Rather then Life, preserv'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

John. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talb. Upon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee. 40

Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from that
 staine. |

John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.
 If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
 My Age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
 No more can I be severed from your side,
 Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine divide: 50
 Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
 For live I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne,
 Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:

Come, side by side, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye. *Exit.*

[Scene vi. *A field of battle.*]

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne
is hemm'd about, and Talbot
rescues him.*

Talb. Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath,
I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done, 10
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despite of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Talb. When from the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword
struck fire, |
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quick'en'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood 20
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers case:
 Art thou not wearie, *John*? How do'st thou fare? 30
 Wilt thou yet leave the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
 Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
 Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
 The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.
 If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
 To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
 By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day. 40
 In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
 My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me smart,
 These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
 The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye: 50
 And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
 To be Shames scorne, and subject of Mischance.
 Surely, by all the Glorie you have wonne,
 And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
 Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
 If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Crete,
 Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
 And commendable prov'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.* 60

[Scene vii. *Another part of the field.*]

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old
Talbot led [by a Servant].*

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiane *John*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandisht over mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience: 10
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter [Soldiers,] with John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

T'al. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st us here to
scorn, | 21

Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuities,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither¹ Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie. ¹*yielding*
O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no:

21. *antique*: antic (antick) -3-4F.

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
 Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say, 30
 Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
 Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
 Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* grave. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard,
 and Pucell.*

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this. 39

Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,¹
 Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
 Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide. ¹ *mad*
 But with a proud Majesticall high scorne
 He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
 To be the pillage of a Giglot² Wench: ² *wanton*
 So rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:
 See where he lyes inherced in the armes 50
 Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.

Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,
 Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Lucie [attended; Herald of the French
 preceding]. |*

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes. 61
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinsfield*, 70
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffeld*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this. 80
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all. 90
Give me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Buriall, as beseeemes their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this upstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,

IV. vii. 88—V. i. 12] THE FIRST PART OF

He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him have him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal
be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd. 100

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou
wilt. |

And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

[Act V. Scene i. *London. The palace.*]

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Armimack?

Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion? 100

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on every side.

King. I marry Uncle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and unnaturall,

95. *have him:* have 'em—THEOBALD.

101. *with him:* with 'em—THEOBALD.

1. *Scena secunda:* out—ROWE.

5. *Arminack:* Armagnac, and so throughout—ROWE.

HENRY THE SIXT

[V. i. 13-43]

That such immanity¹ and bloody strife ¹*ferocity*
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*, 20
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Uncle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answeres every one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale. 30

*Enter Winchester [in Cardinal's habit], and three
Ambassadors. |*

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites
Have bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable: 40
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,

Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.

King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection. 51
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships leysure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I
trow, | 60

Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritié,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

[Scene ii. *France. Plains in Anjou.*]

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard,
Reignier, and Jone [and forces].*

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-
ping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turne againe unto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not hacke your powers in dalliance.

53. *wherein ship'd: where inshipp'd-4F.*

1. *Scæna Tertia: out-Rowe.*

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to us,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces. 11

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

Scout. The English Army that divided^a was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them. 20

Bar. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all hase passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

[Scene iii. *Before Angiers. Alarum. Excursions.*]

Enter Jone de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,¹
And ye choise spirits that admonish me, ^{1 amulets}
And give me signes of future accidents. *T'bunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Apppeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe 10
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence over-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit: .

So you do condescend to helpe me now. 20

They bang their heads.

No hope to have redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England give the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come, 30

That France must vale ¹ her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe. ^{1 lower}

My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight band to band. [Re-enter La Pucelle fighting with York. La Pucelle is taken.] French flye. |

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I have you fast,
Unchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty. 40

A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

16. *silence*: misprint 1F.

31. *vale*: *vall*-3-4F.

35. *droopeth*: misprint 1F.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:

Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plagues mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue. 51

Puc. I prethee give me leave to curse awhile.

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter *Suffolke* with *Margaret*
in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch 'thee but with reverend hands, 60
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and *Suffolke* am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings: 70
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as *Suffolkes* friend. *She is going*
Oh stay: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne upon the glassie streames,

60. *reverend*: reverent—HANMER.

69. *Signets*: cygnets—HANMER.

70. *his*: her—3-4F.

Twinkling another counterfettèd beame,
 So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
 Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
 Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe: 80

Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
 I: Beauties Princely Majesty is such,
 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
 What ransome must I pay before I passe?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
 Before thou make a triall of her love?

M. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I
 pay? | 90

Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
 She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not heare.

Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:

Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom? 101
 Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden¹ thing.

Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, ^{1 mad}
 And peace established betweene these Realmes.

But there remaines a scruple in that too:

For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,

98. *randon*; *random*-3-4F.

Duke of *Anjou* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match. 109

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:

Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.

Madam, I have a secret to reveale.

Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his curtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. 'Tush, women have bene captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so? 121

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say gentle Princessse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
'Than is a slave, in base servility:
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free. 129

Mar. Why what concernes his freedome unto mee?

Suf. Ile undertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henries* wife.

Suf. No gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my selfe. 140
How say you Madam, are ye so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Capitaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l crave a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound [a parley]. Enter Reignier on the Walls.

See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy? 150

I am a Souldier, and unapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?

Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes. 160

That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.

Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier [below].

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleases.

Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suite? 170

Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,

142. *And: AN-THORALD.*

To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
 Upon condition I may quietly
 Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
 My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her,
 And those two Counties I will undertake
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name, 180
 As Deputy unto that gracious King,
 Give thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of France, I give thee Kingly thanks,
 Because this is in Trafficke of a King.

[*Aside*] And yet me thinkes I could be well content
 To be mine owne Attorney in this case.

He over then to England with this newes.
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
 In Golden Pallaces as it becomes. 190

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 'The Christiar Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, &
 praiers, |
 Shall Suffolke ever have of *Margaret*. *Shee is going.*

Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
 No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 A Virgin, and his Servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,
 But Madame, I must trouble you againe, 200
 No loving Token to his Majestie? ^{1 touched}

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
 Never yet taint¹ with love, I send the King.

199. *modestie*: modestly-2-4f.

V. iii. 184-iv. 16] ' THE FIRST PART OF

Suf. And this withall. *Kisse ber.*

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and ugly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise. 210
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* seete,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

[*Scene iv. Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.*]

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.

Shep. Ah *Jone*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I sought every Country farge and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Jone*, sweet daughter *Jone*, Ile die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine. 10

Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liveth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

212. *Mad:* AND-CAPELL.

11. *and:* 22-PORT.

Shep. Fye *Jone*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
 God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
 And for thy sake have I shed many a teare: 20
 Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Jone*.

Pucell. Pezant avant. You have suborn'd this man
 Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
 The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
 Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
 Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
 Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke
 Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'st her brest,
 Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake. 30

Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
 I wish some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
 Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
 O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*

Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
 Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
 But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
 Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above, 40
 By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
 To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
 I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
 But you that are polluted with your lustes,
 Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
 Because you want the grace that others have,
 You judge it straight a thing impossible
 To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of divels.
 No misconceyved, *Jone* of *Aire* hath beene 50

29. suck'st: suck'dst-2-4F.

50. *Aire*: Arc-Rowe.

A Virgin from her tender infancie,
 Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
 Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
 Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
 Place barrells of pitch upon the fatall stake,
 That so her tortute may be shortned.

Puc. Will nothing turne your unrelenting hearts?
 Then *Jone* discovet thine infirmity, 61
 That wartanteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
 I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
 Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
 Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin have bin jugling,
 I did imagine what would be her refuge. 70

War. Well go too, we'll have no Bastards live,
 Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puc. You are deceyv'd, my childe is none of his,
 It was *Alanson* that injoy'd my love.

Yorke. *Alanson* that notorious Machevile?
 It dyes, and if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
 'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
 But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevayl'd.

War. A married man, that's most intollerable. 80

Yor. Why here's a Gyrl: I think she knowes not wel
 (There were so many) whom she may accuse.

59. *tortute*: torture-2-4F.

61. *discovet*: discover-3 4F.

62. *warranteth*: warranteth-2-4F.

75. *Machevile*: Machiavel-Pork.

77. *Puc.*: misprint 1F.

War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.

Kor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.

Use no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.

May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames

Upon the Countrey where you make abode:

But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death 90

Inviron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,

Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves.

Exit [guarded.] |

*Enter Cardinall [Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester,
attended.] |*

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.

For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mov'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace, 100

Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Yorke. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene overthrowne,
And sold their bodyes for their Countreys benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Townes, 110
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
The utter losse of all the Realme of France.

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace
It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed;
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selves, 121
What the conditions of that league must be.

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace, 130
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse. 140

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe

That which I have, than coveting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

Forke. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
Us'd intercession to obtaine a league, 151

And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one 160
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly scene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serves.

War. How sayst thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall: 170
Onely reserv'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

For. Then swear Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismissee your Army when ye please:
Hang up your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

[Scene v. London. The palace.]

*Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
Glocester, and Exeter.*

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
 Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
 Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
 Do breed Loves settled passions in my heart,
 And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
 Provokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
 So am I driven by breath of her Renowne, 10
 Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arrive
 Where I may have fruition of her Love.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
 The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
 (Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
 Would make a volume of inticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit.
 And which is more, she is not so Divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights, 20
 But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
 She is content to be at your command:
 Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
 To Love, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne'rc presume:
 Therefore my Lord Protector, give consent,
 That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sinne,
 You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd 30
 Unto another Lady of esteeme,
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,

1. *Actus Quintus*; out 2-4F.

And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.

A poore Earles daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
then that? 40

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman unto *Charles*. 49

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyve, than give.

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship: 60
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,

64. *Most:* It most-Rowz.

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedloeke forced? but a Hell,
 An Age of discord and continuall strife,
 Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
 And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
 Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King, 70
 But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
 Her peerelesse feature, joyned with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
 (More then in women commonly is seene)
 Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
 For *Henry*, sonne unto a Conqueror,
 Is likely to heget more Conquerors,
 If with a Lady of so high resolve,
 (As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in love. 80
 Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
 That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming Iove,
 I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,
 I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts. 90
 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,

66. *wedloeke*: misprint 1F.86. *Iove*: love-2-4F.

Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Uncle) banish all offence: 100
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminare my greefe. *Exit.*
Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.
Exit Gloucester [and Exeter].
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love, 110
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

**THE SECOND PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT,
WITH THE DEATH OF THE
GOOD DUKE HUMFREY**

First printed in Quartos, 1594, 1600, 1619

The First Folio, 1623, gives a text widely differing
from the Quartos

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH continues the narrative of that monarch's reign, begun in the First Part and concluded in the Third Part, and shows the actual beginning of the Wars of the Roses.

In Act I Margaret of Anjou is wedded to the king, but brings no dower. The Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle and lord protector, is justly incensed that the English conquests should thus be suffered to lapse. But the other nobles unite with the new queen against him, and seize first upon his wife, who is accused of witchcraft.

In Act II the duchess is banished and the duke deprived of office. The strife between the rival houses of York and Lancaster meantime increases.

Gloucester is falsely accused of high treason (Act III) and assassinated. Suffolk, the instigator of the deed, is banished, and killed at sea. The French territory has now totally passed from the weak Henry's hands, while at home the growing power of York becomes a menace. This duke is sent to quell an Irish insurrection, but finds time to incite one at home, under the leadership of Jack Cade.

Cade's rebellion (Act IV) is soon suppressed. York's hand has not appeared on the surface of the rebellion, but after it is ended he returns to England

II. HENRY THE SIXT

with his army on the pretext of 'settling personal wrongs.

His real intent, however, is the throne — a fact which becomes apparent in a defiant interview (Act V) held with the king near Blackheath. The two armies fight at St. Albans. The king's forces are defeated, and York, with his powerful ally, Warwick, resolves to march upon London.

SOURCES

The sources of the three parts of 'Henry VI' have been jointly considered in the Introduction to the First Part.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period lasts about ten years, from April 22, 1445, the accession of the queen, to May 23, 1455, the battle of St. Albans. The stage period is fourteen days, with various intervals.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The reader is again referred to the Introduction to the First Part for inferences as to date. The date of the First Part was shown to be about 1590. Greene's allusion to the Third Part, in 1592, shows that the Second Part must have been written about 1591.

EARLY EDITIONS

The play first appeared in a Quarto of 1594, with a divergent text, and the title:

'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death

INTRODUCTION

of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594.'

A Second Quarto appeared in 1600, with the same imprint and the same text.

A Third Quarto was printed by Thomas Pavier about 1619. This combined the early Quarto text of 'The Contention' with that of 'The True Tragedie,' —afterward Part Third of 'Henry VI,' — and for the first time ascribed the authorship to Shakespeare, as follows:

'The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London for T. P.'

The First Folio of 1623 shows many important variations from the Quarto text. More than one half of the lines are new, while a larger portion of the lines lifted from the First Quarto have undergone change and revision. The title is changed from 'The First Part of the Contention,' etc., to 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.' The play occupies twenty-seven pages in the Folio, from page 120 to page 146, inclusive, under histories. It contains the acts and scenes, but omits the *Dramatis Personæ*, which was later supplied by Rowe.

**THE SECOND PART OF
HENRY THE SIXT,**

with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-
uncle to the King.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD, *his son.*

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and WILLIAM STAFFORD,
his brother.*

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-captain, Master, *and Master's-Mate, and WAL-
TER WHITMORE.*

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk..

JOHN HUME *and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer.*

THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer.* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*

JACK CADE, *a rebel.*

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher,*
SMITH *the weaver,* MICHAEL, &c. *followers of*
Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*

ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester.*

MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen,
a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens,
'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messen-
gers, &c.

A Spirit.

SCENE: *England.*]

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXT,

with the death of the Good
Duke Humfrey.



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*London. The palace.*]

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

*Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and
Beau- | ford on the one side.*

*The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham,
on the other.*

Suffolke.

AS hy your high Imperiall Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence, 10
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In presence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanson*,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bishops
I have perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,

11. *Princes: Princess-4F.*

12. *Toures: Tours-4F.*

And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
 Deliver up my Title in the Queene
 To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance 20
 Of that great Shadow I did represent:
 The happiest Gift, that ever Marquesse gave,
 The Fairest Queene, that ever King receiv'd.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
 I can expresse no kinder signe of Love
 Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
 For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
 If Simpathy of Love unite our thoughts. 30

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
 The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
 By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
 In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
 With you mine *Alder liefest* Sovereigne,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
 With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
 And over joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in Speech,
 Her words yclad with wisdomes Majesty, 40
 Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
 Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Qu. *Margaret*, Englands happines.

Queene. We thanke you all. *Flourish*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
 Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
 Betweene our Sovereigne, and the French King *Charles*,
 For eighteene moneths concluded by consent. 49

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French*

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. i. 44-74]

K. | Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal | espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of | Naples, Sicillia, and Jerusalem, and Crowne her Queene of | England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. |

Item, That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine, | shall be released and delivered to the King her father. | [Lets the paper fall.]

King. Unkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart, 60
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Unckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutchesse of Anjou and Maine, shall be released and delivered | over to the King her Father, and shce sent over of the King of | Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without having any | Dowry.

King. They please us well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke, 70
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Uncle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.

We thanke you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.

Come, let us in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

79

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

64. Dutchesse: duchies (Dutches-1-2Q.)-CAPELL.

70. girt: gird-Rowz.

Manet the rest.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the^s State,
 To you Duke *Humfrey* must unload his greefe:
 Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
 What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
 His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
 Did he so often lodge in open field:
 In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits, 90
 To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
 Have you your selves, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
 Brave *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
 Receivd deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
 Or hath mine Uncle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
 With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
 Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
 Early and late, debating too and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 And hath his Highnesse in his infancie, 100
 Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,
 And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
 Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
 Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
 O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
 Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
 Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
 Rasing the Charracters of your Renowne,
 Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
 Undoing all as all had never bin. 110

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?

100. *batb*: had—GRANTWHITE. 108. *Rasing*: Razing—THEOBALD.

This preroration With such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Unckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Mayne*,
Unto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.^o

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*: 121
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recoverie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and *Maine*? My selfe did win them both:
'Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dicu. 130

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
'That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
France should have torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. [*Glo.*] A proper jest, and never heard before,
'That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth, 140
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should have staid in France, and sterv'd in France
Before——

112. *peroration*: *peroration*-2-4F. 142. *sterv'd*: *starved*-3-4F.

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay, 150
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage, 160
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserve the good Duke *Humfrey*:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse, 170
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Sovereigne?
He being of age to governe of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, joyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke, 1 boist
Wee'l quickly hoys^e Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. i. 170-199]

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Sal. Cosin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to us, 180

Yet let us watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooves it us to labor for the Realme. 190

I never saw but *Humfrey* Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I scene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th' Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest favour of the Commons, 200
Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Sovereigne,
Have made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Joyne we together for the publike good,

185. *Protectors*: protector—2-4F.

In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
 With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition, 210
 And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
 While they do tend¹ the profit of the Land. ¹ *serve*

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loves the Land,
 And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. [*Aside*] And so sayes Yorke,
 For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make hast away,
 And looke unto the maine.

Warwicke. Unto the maine?

Oh Father, *Maine* is lost, 220
 That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
 Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
 Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandie*
 Stands on a tickle² point, now they are gone:
 Suffolke concluded on the Articles, ² *ticklish*
 The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd, 230
 To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.
 Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
 And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
 Still revelling like Lords till all be gone,
 While as the silly Owner of the goods

215-16. 1 l.—POPE.

219-20. 1 l.—POPE.

217-18. 1 l.—POPE.

Weepes over them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away, 240
 Ready to sterve, and dare not touch his owne.
 So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
 Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
 Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatall brand *Althæa* burnt,
 Unto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the French?
 Cold nerves for me: for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile Englands soile. 250
 A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
 And therefore I will take the *Nevils* parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
 And when I spy advantage, claime the Crowne,
 For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurpe my right,
 Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
 Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
 Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
 Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serve: 260
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
 To prie into the secrets of the State,
 Till *Henrie* surfetting in joyes of love,
 With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
 And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be false at jarres:
 Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
 With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
 And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster, 269

241. *sterve*: starve-3-4F.

268. repeated in out-2-4F.

I. i. 258—ii. 24] THE SECOND PART OF

And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

[Scene ii. *The Duke of Gloucester's house.*]

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Eli. Why droopes my Lord like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grovell on thy face, 10
Untill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And having both together heav'd it up,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill 20
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?

1. *Elianor*: Eleanor, and so throughout—Rowe.

22. *world*: world—2-4F.

23. *dreames*: dream—Capell.

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peecea of the broken Wand 30
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters grove,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humfrey*, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sae in Seate of Majesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster, 39
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elienor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe, 50
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Eli. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With *Elienor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames unto my selfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto S. *Albons*, 60
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with us? *Ex. Hum*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way upon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant. 70

Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royall Majesty.

Eli. What saist thou? Majesty: I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* advice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With *Margerie Jordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good? 80

Hume. This they have promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Eli. It is enough, Ile thinke upon the Questions:
When from Saint *Albons* we doe make returne,
Wee'le see these things effected to the full.

60. *Albons*: Albans, and so throughout—3-4F.

73. *Margerie Jordane*: Margery Jourdain, and so throughout—
CAPELL.

79. *Bollingbrooke*: Bolingbroke, and so throughout—PORZ.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. ii. 85-iii. 4

Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elianor. 90

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seile up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.

Dame *Elianor* gives Gold, to bring the Wijch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Devill.
Yet have I Gold flyes from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine, 100
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor)
Have hyred me to under-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Conjurations in her brayne.
They say, A craftie Knave do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaves.
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
Humes Knaverie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall: 110
Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all. *Exit*

[Scene iii. *The palace.*]

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, [Peter] the Armorer's
Man being one.*

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-
tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may
deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

91, 109. *Duchesse:* duchess' (Duchess's-Rowe)-POPE.
109. *Wracke:* wreck-2THEOBALD.

2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Jesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first sure. 610

2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Queene. [*Reading*] To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine? |

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me. 20

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? [*Reads.*] Against the Duke of | Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How | now, Sir Knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneship.

Peter. [*Giving his petition*] Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying, | That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the | Crowne.

Queene. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne? 31

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Usurper.

Suff. Who is there?

18. and't: an't-HANMER. 32. *Mistresse:* MASTER-WARBURTON.

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pursuant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King. *Exit [Servant with Peter].*

Queene. And as for you that love to be protected Under the Wings of our Protectors Grace, 40
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*

Queene. My Lord of *Suffolke*, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?

Is this the Government of Brittaines Ile?

And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?

What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,

Under the surly *Glosters* Governance? 50

Am I a *Queene* in Title and in Stile,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*

Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Love,

And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:

But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his Beades:

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles, 60

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,

His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content. 70

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, have we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Nevils*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife: 79
She sweepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,
More like an Emperesse, then Duke *Humphreys* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Revenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Povertie:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands, 89
Till *Suffolke* gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe have lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And never mount to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we joyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. iii. 100-127

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint 100
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, [Somerset,] Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse [of Gloucester].

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerset*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.

Yorke. If *Yorke* have ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd¹ the Regent-ship. 111

Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him. ¹*denied*

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.

Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters speake.

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwicke*.

Warw. *Warwicke* may live to be the best of all.

Salisb. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason *Buckingham*
Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this? 121

Queene. Because the King forsooth will have it so.

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To give his Censure: These are no Womens matters.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.

Suff. Resigne it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou? 130
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,

I. iii. 128-154] THE SECOND PART OF

The Dolphin hath prevayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Sovereigntie.

Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attys
Have cost a masse of publique Treasurie.

Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Upon Offenders, hath exceeded Law, 140
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey. [*The Queen drops her fan.*]
Give me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

She gives the Duchesse a box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles, 150
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
'Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Elianor* unreveng'd.

Exit Elianor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor*,
And listen after *Humfrey*, how he proceeds:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres, 160
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

137. *Wives*: wife's-Rowe.

151. *I could*: (I'd-Pope) I'd-CAMBRIDGE.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie love my King and Countrey. 170
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Sovereigne, *Yorke* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is most unmeet of any man.

Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here, 180
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter [Horner the] Armorer and his Man [Peter,
guarded].*

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* excuse himselfe. 191

Yorke. Doth any one accuse *Yorke* for a Traytor?

I. iii. 183-214] THE SECOND PART OF

King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are these?

Suff. Please it your Majestic, this is the man That doth accuse his Master of High Treason; His words were these: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke, Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne, And that your Majestic was an Usurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words? 200

Armorer. [*Hor.*] And't shall please your Majestic, I never sayd | nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am | falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scowring my Lord of Yorke's Armorer.

Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall, Ile have thy Head for this thy Traytors speech: I doe beseech your Royall Majestic, Let him have all the rigor of the Law. 210

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Majestic, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge: Let *Somerset* be Regent o're the French, Because in *Yorke* this breedes suspition; 220 And let these have a day appointed them For single Combat, in convenient place, For he hath witnesse of his servants malice: This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

201. *And's*: *An't*-2*Rowe*.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. iii. 215-iv. 19]

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Majestie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pittie my case: the spight of man prevayleth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart. 230

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerset*, wee'le see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

[Scene iv. Gloucester's garden.]

Enter the Witch [Margery Jourdain], the two Priests [Hume, Southwell], and Bullingbrooke. |

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient. Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave us.

Exit Hume. 11

Mother *Jordan*, be you prostrate, and grovell on the Earth; *John Southwell* reade you, and let us to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft [Hume following].

Elianor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere,¹ the sooner the better. ¹ *affair*

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,

The time of Night when Troy was set on fire, 19
 The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs¹ howle,
 And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake up their Graves;
 That time best fits the worke we have in hand.
 Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,
 Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

¹watch-dogs

*Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
 Bullingbrooke or Southwell reads, Conjuro
 te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens
 terribly: then the Spirit
 riseth.*

Spirit. Ad sum.

30

*Witch. [M. Jour.] Asmath, by the eternall God,
 Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
 Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
 Thou shalt not passe from hence.*

*Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and
 done.*

*Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him be-
 come?*

[Reading out of a paper.]

*Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
 But him out-live, and dye a violent death.*

40

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.]

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit. Let him shun Castles,
 Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,
 Then where Castles mounted stand.¹
 Have done, for more I hardly can endure.*

30. *Ad sum:* Adsum-2-4F.

31-4. *Asmath:* separate l. and 3 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.

35-6. *verge,* 1 l.—4F.

37-8. *verge,* 1 l.—ROWE.

HENRY THE SIXT

[I. iv. 42-67]

Bulling. Discehd to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:
Falsg Fiend avoide.

Tbunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit. 50

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham
with their Guard, and breake in.*

Yorke. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trash:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an yeth.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Eliaior. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
Injurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause. 60

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt up close,
And kept asunder: you Madame shall with us.
Stafford take her to thee.

[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume guarded.*]
Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*

[*Exeunt Guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*]

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her
well: |

A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ.
What have we here? *Reades.* 70

*The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.*
Why this is just, *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere posso.*
Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

73. *Aio Æacida .. posso: Aio te Æacida .. posso*—WARBURTON.

I. iv. 68-II. i. 4] THE SECOND PART OF

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shunne Castles,

Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

8p.

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albones*,

With him, the Husband of this lovely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as Horse can carry them:

A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shal give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

90

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoc?

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

[Act II. Scene i. *Saint Albans.*]

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and
Suffolke, with Faulknors bawling.*

Queene. Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,¹

¹ *bawking for water-fowl*

I saw not better sport these seven yeeres day:

Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high,

And ten to one, old *Joane* had not gone out.

86. goes: go-Rowe.

86-7. 1 l.-POPE.

91-2. 1 l.-CAPELL.

2. *bawling*: halloing (hollowing)-4F.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high. 10

Suff. No marvell, and it like your Majestie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,
They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch.

Glost. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore:

Card. I thought as much, hee would be above the
Clouds.

Glost. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven? 20

King. The Treasurie of everlasting Joy.

Card. Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale.

Glost. What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?
Tantæne animis Cælestibus iræ, Church-men so hot?
Good Unckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynesse can you doe it? 30

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Glost. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Glost. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

11. and: an-Pope.

26-7. 1 l.-Pope.

28-9. 2 ll. ending *iræ*, mallice-THOROLD.

35. Lords: lord-CAPELL.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth. 40

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this prowde Protector with my Sword.

Glost. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith holy Unckle, would't
were come to that. |

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glost. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers
for the matter, |

In thine owne person answer thy abuse.

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Evening,
On the East side of the Grove.

King. How now, my Lords? 50

Card. Beleeve me, Cousin *Gloster*,
Had not your man put up the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.

[*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Glost. True Unckle, [*Car. aside to Glou.*] are
ye advis'd? |

The East side of the Grove:

[*Glou. aside to Car.*] Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Unckle *Gloster*?

Glost. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
[*Aside to Car.*] Now by Gods Mother, Priest, 60
He shave your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence¹ shall fayle. ^{1 skill in fencing}

38-9. 1 l.—MALONE.

47-9. 2 ll. ending *darest, grove*—THEOBALD.

48. *And:* AN—CAPELL.

53-4. 1 l.—ROWE.

55-6. *are .. grove:* given to *Cardinal*—THEOBALD.

55-6. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

60-1. 1 l.—POPE.

61-6. 3 ll. ending *teipsu*, yourself, lords—THEOBALD.

HENRY THE SIXT

[II. i. 52-76]

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect | your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords:
How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?
When such Strings jarre, what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

70

Glost. What meanes this noyse?
Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint^e Albones Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleevving Soules
Gives Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire. 80

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Bretbren,
bearing the man [Simpcox] betweene two in a
Cbayre. [Simpcox's wife following.] |*

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his sinne be multiplied.

Glost. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. 90
What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Glost. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st have better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace. 100

King. Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint *Alban*: 110
Who said; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce,
To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master. 120

Glost. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

92, 95, 99. *and't*: *an't*-HANMER. 96-7. *verre*, 1 l.-CAPELL.
101-2. 1 l.-POPE. 105-15. 8 five-accent ll.-POPE.
111. *Symon*: *Simpcox*-2POPE.

Glost. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Glost. Masse, thou lov'st Plummes well, that would'st
venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
Life. 130

Glost. A subtill Knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yee Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and
Saint Albones.

Glost. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake
of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Glost. Why that's well said: What Colour is my
Gowne of? 140

Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Jet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Jet is
of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Jet did he never see.

Glost. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a
many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glost. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Glost. What's his Name? 150

Simp. I know not.

Glost. Nor his?

Simp. No indeede, Master.

Glost. What's thine owne Name?

II. i. 124-151] 'THE SECOND' PART OF

Simp. *Saunders Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

Glost. Then *Saunders*, sit there,
The lying'st Knaves in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou might'st as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the severall Colours we doe weare.' 160
Sight may distinguish of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Glost. My Masters of Saint *Albones*,
Have you not Beadles in your Towne,
And 'Things call'd Whippes? 170

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glost. Then send for one presently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit [an Attendant].

Glost. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to save your selfe from Whipping,
leape me over this Stoole, and runne away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes. 180

Glost. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that same
Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

155. and: an-POPE.

168-70. PROSC-MALONE.

156-66. PROSC-QQ.

184-5. 1 l.-1 Q.

Simp. Alas Mester, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath bit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle. 190

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Glost. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glost. Let them be whipt through every Market Towne, |

Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Glost. But you have done more Miracles then I: 200
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A sort¹ of naughtie persons, lewdly bent, ^{1 company}

Under the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady *Eliaenor*, the Protectors Wife,

The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,

Have practis'd dangerously against your State,

Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers, 210

Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,

Raysing up wicked Spirits from under ground,

Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,

And other of your Highnesse Privie Councell,

II. i. 177-205] THE SECOND PART OF

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so my Lord Protector,
by this meanes |

Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.

This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;

'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre. 6

Glost. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grieffe have vanquisht all my powers; 221
And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. *Glaster*, see here the Tainture¹ of thy Nest,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

Glost. Madame, for my selfe, to Heaven I doe appeale,
How I have lov'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands, 230
Sorry I am to heare what I have heard, ¹ *defilement*
Noble shee is: but if shee have forgot
Honor and Vertue, and convers't with such,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
• I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Glosters* honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose us here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thorowly, 240
And call these foule Offendors to their Answers;
And poyse the Cause in Justice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

Flourish. Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *London. The Duke of York's garden.*]

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Neuills* are thy Subjects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:

10

Edward the third, my Lords, had seven Sonnes:
The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne, 20
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of *John* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse *Richard* was murdered traiterously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne. 30

27. *Pumfrei: Pomfret-Rowe.*

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue *Phillip*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March :
Edmond had Issue, *Roger*, Earle of March; 40
Roger had Issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.

Salisb. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I have read, layd clayme unto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captivitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

Yorke. His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire unto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*, 50
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Phillip*, sole Daughter
Unto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this? |

36-8. 2 ll. ending line, daughter-POPE.

38, 55. *Phillip*: Philippe-HANMER.

49-56. 6 ll. ending was son, son, heir, son, Philippe, Clarence
-CAPELL. 50. was: was son-ROWE.

51. Sonnes: out-THEOBALD. 59. proceedings: proceeding-24F.

HENRY THE SIXT

[II. ii. 54-82

Henry doth claime the Crowne from *John* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third: 61
Till *Lionels* Issue sayles, his should not reigne.

It sayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.

Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Sovereigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long live our Sovereigne *Richard*, Englands
King. 70

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them, 80
Till they have snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*.
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde
at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of War-
wick |
Shall one day make the Duke of *Yorke* a King.

Yorke. And *Nevill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall live to make the Earle of *Warwick* 90
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

71-3. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

[Scene iii. *A ball of justice.*]

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, [the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury,] | with Guard, to banish the Duchesse [the Duchess, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke]. |

King. Stand forth Dame *Eliano Cobham*,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adjudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, unto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes, 10
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Live in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.

Eliano. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Glost. *Eliano*, the Law thou seest hath judged thee,
I cannot justifie whom the Law condemnes: 20

[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of gricfe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majestic give me leave to goe;
Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster,
 Ere thou goe, give up thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
 And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
 And Lanthorne to my feete: 30
 And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belov'd,
 Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yceeres
 Should be to be protected like a Child,
 God and King *Henry* governe Englands Realme:
 Give up vour Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
 As willingly doe I the same resigne,
 As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
 And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it, 40
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
 May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret*
 Queen, |

And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
 That beares so shrewd¹ a mayme: two Pull^e at once;
 His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off. ¹sharp
 This Staffe of Honor raught,² there let it stand,
 Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand. ²reached 50

Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
 Thus *Elians* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Majestie,
 This is the day appointed for the Combat,
 And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
 The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
 So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

26-30. 4 five-accent ll.—PORZ.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right. 61

Yorke. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The servant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking | to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a | Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge | fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a | Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him. | 69

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid. 80

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here *Tom*,

60. A: O'-CAPELL.

81-2, prose-Rowe.

85. and: 82-CAPELL.

take all the Money that I have. O Lord blesse me, I pray
God, for I am never able to deale with my Master, hee
hath learnt so much fence already. 89

Salisb. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirra, what's thy Name?

⁶ *Peter.* *Peter* forsooth.

Salisb. *Peter?* what more?

Peter. *Thumpe.*

Salisb. *Thumpe?* Then see thou thumpe thy Master
well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon
my Mans instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my selfe
an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will
take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King,
nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a
downe-right blow. 102

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

[*Alarum.*] *They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.*

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.
[*Dies.*]

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
and the good Wine in thy Masters way. 109

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this
presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceive his guilt,
And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *A street.*]

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Glost. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
And after Summer, evermore succedes
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Tenne, my Lord.

Glost. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse: 10
Unneath¹ may shee endure the Flintie Streets, ¹ *hardly*
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke² ² *endure*
The abject People, gazing on thy face,
With envious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheelles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries. 19

*Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper
burning in her hand, with [Sir John Stanley] the Sherife | and Officers.*

Serv. So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe by.

Elienor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,

7. 2: O'-CAPPELL.

And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. 30

Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,

And in thy Closet pent up, rue my shame,

And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine,

Glost. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grieve.

Elleanor. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe:

For whilst I thinke I am thy married Wife,

And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;

Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,

May'd up in shame, with Papers on my back,

And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce 40

To see my teares, and heare my deepe-set¹ groanes.

The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, ¹*fetched*

And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I treade.

Ah *Humsfrey*, can I beare this shamefull yoake?

'Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke upon the World,

Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne?

No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.

To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.

Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humsfrefes* Wife, 50

And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorne Duchesse,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock

To every idle Ras:all follower.

But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,

Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death

Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all

With her, that hateth thee and hates us all, 60

And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest,

47. enjoyes: enjoy-Rowe.

Have all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
 And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
 But feare not thou, untill thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seeke prevention of thy foes.

Glost. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou aymest all awry. a
 I must offend, before I be attainted:
 And had I twentie times so many foes,
 And each of them had twentie times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe, 7c
 So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
 But I in danger for the breach of Law.
 Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
 I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
 These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament,
 Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth. 8c

Glost. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My *Nell*, I take my leave: and Master Sherife,
 Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

Sb. And't please your Grace, here my Commission
 staves: |

And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
 To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Glost. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your
 Grace. 9c

Glost. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

85. *And't: AN't-HANMER.*

You use her well: the World may laugh again,
 And I may live to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
 And so Sir *John*, farewell.

Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glost. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
 For none abides with me: my Joy, is Death; 100
 Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afear'd,
 Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitic.

Stanley, I rather goe, and take me hence,
 I care not whither, for I begge no favor;
 Onely convey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
 There to be us'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
 And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humphreyes* Lady,
 According to that State you shall be us'd. 111

Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
 Although thou hast beene Conduct¹ of my shame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
 Come *Stanley*, shall we goe? ^{1 conductor}

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
 Throw off this Sheet,
 And goe we to attyre you for our Journey. 119

Elianor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
 No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
 And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
 Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

93-4. 2 five-accent ll.—PORK.
 117-18. 1 l.—PORK.

99. 10: too—2-4F.

[Act III. Scene i. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*]

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muse¹ my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, ¹*wonder*
What c're occasion keepes him from us now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majestic he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become, 10
How proud, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe unbowed Knee,
Disdaining dutie that to us belongs. 20
Small Curses are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell. 30
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:

And when he please to make Commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
 And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
 The reverent care I heare unto my Lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
 Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant, 40
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
 Reprove my allegation, if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectuall.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
 And had I first beene put to speake my minde,
 I thinke I should have told your Graces Tale.
 The Duchesse, by his subornation,
 Upon my Life began her divellish practises:
 Or if he were not privie to those Faults, 50
 Yet by reputing of his high discent,
 As next the King, he was successive Heire,
 And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
 Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
 By wicked meanes to frame our Soveraignes ill.
 Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
 And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
 The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
 No, no, my Soveraigne, *Glouster* is a man
 Unsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit. 60

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
 Devise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 Levie great summes of Money through the Realme,
 For Souldiers pay in France, and never sent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults fo faults unknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,⁷⁰
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,^a
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmlesse Dove:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given,
To dreame on evill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?¹
Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Raven. ^{1 trust}
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him, ⁸⁰
For hee's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereigne.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly hereft you: all is lost. ⁹⁰

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be done.

Yorke. [*Aside*] Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France, |

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,

81. *Wolves: wolf-Rowe.*

HENRY THE SIXT

[III. i. 90-117

And Caterpillers eate my Leaves away:
But I will remedi: this geare¹ ere long, 1 matter
Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glost. All happinesse unto my Lord the King: 100
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
Unlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Glost. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Sovereigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie? 110

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Glost. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King, 121
Or any Groat I hoorded to my use,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Have I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,

111-12. 1 l.—POPE.

115-16. 1 l.—POPE.

III. i. 118-148] THE SECOND PART OF

And never ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serves you well, my Lord,⁴ to say so much.

Glost. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did devise 130
Strange Tortures for Offendors, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Glost. Why'tis well known, that whiles I was Protec-
tor, |

Pittie was all the fault that was in me:

For I should melt at an Offendors teares,

And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:

Unlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,

Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I never gave them condigne punishment.

Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd 140
Above the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,

And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall

To keepe, untill your further time of Tryall. ^{1 suspicion}

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,¹

My Conscience tells me you are innocent. 150

Glost. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,

And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;

Foule Subornation is predominant,

And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.

I know, their Complot is to have my Life:

And if my death might make this Iland happy,

And prove the Period of their Tyrannie,
 I would expend it with all willingnesse.
 But mine is made the Prologue to their Play: 160
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
 Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
 And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
 Sharpe *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue,
 The envious Load that lyes upon his heart:
 And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
 Whose over-weening Arme I have pluckt back,
 By false accuse¹ doth leuell at my Life. ^{1 accusation}
 And you, my Sovereigne Lady, with the rest, 170
 Causelesse have lay'd disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 My liefest² Liege to be mine Enemy: ^{2 dearest}
 I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
 My selfe had notice of your Conventicles,
 And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
 I shall not want false Witenesse, to condemne me,
 Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
 The ancient Proverbe will be well effected,
 A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge. 180

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
 If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
 From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
 Be thus upbraid, chid, and rated at,
 And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
 'Twill make them coole in zeale unto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Sovereigne Lady here
 With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
 As if she had suborned some to sweare
 False allegations, to o'rethrow his state. 190

Qu. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

III. i. 183-214] THE SECOND PART OF

Glost. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may have leave to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him safe.

Glost. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side, 200
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster [guarded]. |

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or undoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliam-
ment?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie: 210
For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Uncle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now envies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe seeke subversion of thy harmlesse Life.
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe, 220
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it straves,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so remorselesse have they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,

Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
 Even so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
 With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies. 230
 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
 With shining checker'd slough¹ doth sting a Child,
 That for the beautie thinkes it excellent. *Iskin* 241
 Beleeve me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid us from the feare we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,
 But yet we want a Colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
 The King will labour still to save his Life, 250
 The Commons haply rise, to save his Life;
 And yet we have but triviall argument,
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man alive, so faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.

III. i. 246-279] THE SECOND, PART OF

But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:

Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte, 260
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.

No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prov'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood, 270
As *Humfrey* prov'd by Reasons to my Liege.

And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Gynnes,¹ by Snares, by Subtletrie, ¹*traps*
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit, ²*beckmate*:
Which mates² him first, that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue, 280
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Sovereigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And Ile provide his Executioner,
I tender so the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And so say I. 290

Yorke. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow incurable;•
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile give you in this weightie cause? 301

Yorke. That *Somerset* be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd, ¹*far-fetched*
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet¹ pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my Life betimes,
'Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home, 310
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh preserv'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerset* be still.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd farre worse then his.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
take all. 320

Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest
shame.

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, trie what your fortune is:

III. i. 310-339] THE SECOND, PART OF

Th'uncivill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Majestic.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent, 330
And what we doe establish, he confirms:
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.
But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Curd. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that event. 340

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or never, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enjoying: 349
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faster then Spring-time shewres, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,

342. *Bristow*: Bristol-Rowe.

348-9. *art*; *Resigne*: semicolon out-4F.

Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
 Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
 To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
 I feare me, you but warme the starved Snake,
 Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me; 360
 I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
 You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Pand,
 I will stirre up in England some black Storme,
 Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heaven, or Hell:
 And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Untill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
 Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
 Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
 And for a minister of my intent, 370
 I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
 To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.
 In Ireland have I seene this stubborne *Cade*
 Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
 And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
 Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
 And in the end being rescued, I have seene
 Him capre upright, like a wilde Morisco, 380
 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hayr'd cratie Kerne,
 Hath he conversed with the Enemye,
 And undiscover'd, come to me againe,
 And given me notice of their Villanies.
 This Devill here shall be my substitute;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.

III. i. 374-ii. 16] THE SECOND PART OF

By this, I shall perceive the Commons minde,
 How they affect the House and Clayne of *Yorke*. 390
 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
 I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those Armes.
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reape the Harvest which that Rascall sow'd.
 For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.*]

*Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
 Murder of Duke Humfrey.*

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
 We have dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were to doe: what have we done?
 Didst ever heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
 I will reward you for this venturous deed: 11

The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

Have you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,
 Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with
 Attendants.*

King. Goe call our Uncle to our presence straight:
 Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, 21

If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Uncle *Gloster*,
Then from true evidence, of good esteeme,
He be approv'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should prevayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion. 30

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee
much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods secret Judgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

*King sounds.*¹ 40

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
dead. ^{1 swoons}

Som. Rere up his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* open thine eyes.

Suff. He doth revive againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heavenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Sovereigne, gracious *Henry* com-
fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Ravens Note, 51
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

31. *Nell: Meg-Capell.*

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbearc I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:
Upon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie 60
Sits in grim Majestic, to fright the World.
Looke not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death, I shall finde joy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me, 70
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;
I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach: 80
This get I by his death: Aye me unhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.

Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
 Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy joy. 90
 Erect^{this} Statue, and worship it,
 And make my Image hut an Ale-house signe.
 Was I for this nye wrack'd upon the Sea,
 And twice by aukward¹ winde from Englands banke
 Drove backe againe unto my Native Clime. ^{1 contrary}
 What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
 Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkinde Shore.
 What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
 And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves, 100
 And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
 Or taine our Sterne upon a dreadfull Rocke:
 Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer,
 But left that hatefull office unto thee.
 The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
 With teares as salt as Sea, through thy unkindnesse.
 The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart more hard then they, 110
 Might in thy Pallace, perish *Elianor*.
 As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
 When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate us backe,
 I stood upon the Hatches in the storme:
 And when the duskie sky, began to rob
 My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,
 I tooke a costly Jewell from my necke,
 A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiv'd it,

90. *Elianor* was neere: Margaret was ne'er-Rowe.

91. *Statue*: statue-Dyce.

111. *Elianor*; 131. *Elinor*: Margaret-Rowe.

III. ii. 109-137] THE SECOND, PART OF

And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart: 120
 And even with this, I lost faire Englands view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
 And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
 For loosing ken of *Albions* wished Coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolkes tongue
 (The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
 To sit and watch me as *Ascanius* did,
 When he to fladding *Dido* would unfold
 His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
 Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him? 130
 Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
 For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost live so long.

*Noyse within. Enter Warwick, [Salisbury,] and many
 Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereigne,
 That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is mured
 By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
 The Commons like an angry Hive of Bees
 That want their Leader, scatter up and downe,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge. 140
 My selfe have calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
 Untill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
 But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
 Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpses,
 And comment then upon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
 With the rude multitude, till I returne. [Exit.]

King. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoghts:
 My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule, 150

127. *watch: witch*—THROBALD.

Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
 If my suspect¹ be false, forgive me God, ^{1 suspicion}
 For judgement onely doth belong to thee:
 Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
 Upon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
 To tell my love unto his dumbe deafe trunkes,
 And with my fingers feele his hand, unfeeling:
 But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies, 159

Bed put forth. [Re-enter Warwick and others.]

And to survey his dead and earthy Image:
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Sovereigne, view this
 body.

King. That is to see how deepe my grave is made,
 For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
 For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to live
 With that dread King that tooke our state upon him,
 To free us from his Fathers wrathfull curse, 170
 I do beleewe that violent hands were laid
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:
 What instance gives Lord Warwicke for his vow.

War. See how the blood is setled in his face.
 Oft have I seene a timely-parted Ghost,
 Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart,
 Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy, 180
 Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
 To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
 But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:

III. ii. 169-198] THE SECOND, PART OF

His eye-balles further out, than when he lived,
 Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
 His hayre up rear'd, his nostrils stretcht with struggling:
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
 Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
 His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
 Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged: 191
 It cannot be But he was murdred heere,
 The least of all these signes were probable.

Suf. : Why Warwicke, who should do the D. to death?
 My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
 And we I hope sir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. *Humfries* foes,
 And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
 Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
 And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy. 200

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,
 As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding
 fresh, |
 And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
 But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
 Although the Kyte soare with unbloudied Beake?
 Even so suspitious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your
 Knife? | 210
 Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
 But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
 That slanders me^t with Murthers Crimson Badge.
 Say if thou dar'st, prowd Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke*
 dare | him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller; 221
 Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reverence may I say,
 For every word you speake in his behalfe,
 Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
 If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
 Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
 Some sterne untutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
 Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
 And never of the *Needs* Noble Race. 231

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my Sovereignes presence makes me milde,
 I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
 Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
 And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
 That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
 And after all this fearefull Homage done, 240
 Give thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 Unworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,

III. ii. 231-253] THE SECOND PART OF

And doe some service to Duke *Humfrees* Ghost.

Exeunt [Suffolk and Warwick].

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell just; 250
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Injustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

*Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their
Weapons drawne.*

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor have we here? 260
Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mightie Sovereaigne.

Enter Salisbury [To the Commons].

Salish. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your
minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unlese Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death. 270
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Love and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.

They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
 That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
 And Charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
 In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; 280
 Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
 Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
 That slyly glyded towards your Majestie,
 It were but necessarie you were wak't:
 Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
 The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
 And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
 From so h^e fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
 With whose invenomed and fatall sting, 290
 Your loving Uncle, twentie times his worth,
 They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht Hindes,
 Could send such Message to their Sovereigne:
 But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
 To shew how queint¹ an Orator you are. ¹ *artful*
 But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador, 300
 Sent from a sort² of Tinkers to the King. ² *company*

[*Commons*] *Within.* An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
 I thanke them for their tender loving care;
 And had I not beene cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
 For sure, my thoughts doe hourelv prophecie,
 Mischance unto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.

288. *where:* (whe're-4F.) whether-CAMBRIDGE.

III. ii. 285-315] THE SECOND PART OF

And therefore by his Majestie I sweare, 310
Whose farre-unworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Qu. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Ungentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrease unto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irrevocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found, 320
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I have great matters to impart to thee. Exit.

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Devill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations, 330
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heavie leave.

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would invent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate, 340
As leane-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.

334. *curim*: curse-3-4F.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should^a sparkle like the beaten Flint,
 Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
 I, every joynt should seeme to curse and ban,
 And even now my burthen'd heart would breake
 Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
 Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypresse Trees:
 Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Bastiskes: 350
 Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
 Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
 And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell——

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
 And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
 Or like an over-charged Gun, recoil,
 And turnes the force of them upon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban,¹ and will you bid me leave?²
 Now by the ground that I am banish'd from, 360
 Well could I curse away a Winters night, ¹ curse
 Though standing naked on a Mountaine top, ² stop
 Where byting cold would never let grasse grow,
 And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
 Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woifull Monuments.
 Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand, 369
 That thou might'st thinke upon these by the Scale,
 Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
 So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
 'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,

344. *an: on-QQ.*353. *CONSORT: Concert—THEOBALD.*358. *turnes: turn—Rowe.*

III. ii. 348-376] THE SECOND, PART OF

As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
 I will repeale thee, or be well assu^d,
 Advenrure to be banished my selfe:
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speake not to me; even now be gone.
 Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd,
 Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaves, 380
 Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
 Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
 Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
 A Wildernesse is populous enough,
 So Suffolke had thy heavenly company:
 For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
 With every severall pleasure in the World:
 And where thou art not, Desolation. 390
 I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life;
 My selfe no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes *Vaux* so fast? What newes I prethee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
 That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
 For sodainly a greevous sicknesse tooke him,
 That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth. 400
 Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
 Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his over-charged soule,

376. *Advenrure*: Adventure-2-4F.

And I am sent to tell his Majestie,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeve I at an houres poore losse,
O'mitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure? 410
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-habe, 420
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where! from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes: *whereas*
To have thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou cyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall. 430

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosive,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wheresoeere thou art in this worlds Globe,
He have an *Iris* that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

III. ii. 408–iii. 19] THE SECOND PART OF

Qu. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Jewell lockt into the worst Caske,
That ever did containe a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted Barke, so sunder we: 440
This way fall I to death.

Qu. This way for me.

Exeunt
[severally.]

[Scene iii. *A bedchamber.*]

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the
Cardinal in bed.*

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy
Soveraigne.

Ca. If thou beest death, Ile give thee Englands Treas-
ure, |

Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of evill life,
Where death's approach is scene so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraigne speakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me unto my Triall when you will. 11
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?

Can I make men live where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Alive againe? Then shew me where he is,

Ile give a thousand pound to looke upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands upright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:

Give me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie 20

Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mover of the heavens,

13. *where: whether—JOHNSON.*

HENRY THE SIXT . [III. iii. 20-IV. i. 10

Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,
That layes strong siege unto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaccably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heavens blisse, 30
Hold up thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.

War. So had a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,

And let us all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

[Act IV. Scene i. *The coast of Kent.*]

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

*Enter Lieutenant, [Captain, a Master, a Master's-
Mate, Walter Whitmore,] Suffolke, and others
[prisoners].* |

Lieu. [Cap.] The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull
day, |

Is crept into the bosome of the Sea: ¹*embrace*

And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Jades

That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:

Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings

Cleape¹ dead-mens graves, and from their misty Jaws,

Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:

Therefore bring forth the Soukldiers of our prize, 10

For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,

Heere shall they make theit ransome on the sand,

8. *Cleape:* Clip—THEOBALD.

12. *theit:* their—2-4F.

Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maister, this Prisoner freely give I thee,

And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.

1. *Gent.* What is my ransome Master, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes youfs.

Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen? 21

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:

The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-poy's'd with such a pettie summe.

1. *Gent.* Ile give it sir, and therefore spare my life.

2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Lieu. Be not so rash, take ransome, let him live. 30

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit. And so am I: my name's *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should dye:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,

Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Never yet did base dishonour blurre our name, 41

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,

HENRY THE SIXT

[IV. i. 43-70

And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled up in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.
[*Jove* sometime went disguise, and why not I?]

Lieu. But *Jove* was never slaine as thou shalt be, 50

[*Suf.*] Obscure and lowaie Swaine, King *Henries*
blood. |

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a jaded Groome:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I have feasted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne, 60
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

[*Cap.* Yes, Poule.

Suf. Poule!]

49-50. bracketed l.—Qq.

51. *lowaie*: lowly—Qq.

51-2. *blood. The*: blood, The—Pors (Qq.). ^a *Poule*: Pole—3Q.

70. new l. at *Suf.*—Rowz.

51. given to *Suf.*—Qq.

52. *Suf.*: out—Qq.

70-1. bracketed ll.—Qq.

IV. i. 70-101] THE SECOND PART OF

Lieu. Poole, Sir *Poole*? Lord, 71
 I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver Spring, where England drinke:
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
 Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humfries* death,
 Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
 Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
 And wedded be thou to the Haggas of hell, 80
 For daring to affye¹ a mighty Lord ^{1 *ahj*}
 Unto the daughter of a worthlesse King,
 Having neyther Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
 By divellish policy art thou growne great,
 And like ambitious Sylla over-gorg'd,
 With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
 By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to France.
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee,
 Disdaine to call us Lord, and *Piccardie*
 Hath slaine their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts, 90
 And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
 The Princely Warwicke, and the *Nevils* all,
 Whose dreadfull swords were never drawne in vaine,
 As hating thee, and rising up in armes.
 And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
 By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,
 And lofty proud inroaching tyranny,
 Burnes with revenging fire, whose hopefull colours
 Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striving to shine;
 Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*. 100
 The Commons heere in Kent are up in armes,
 And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,

78. *shall*: shalt-2-4F.

86. *Mother*: mother's-Rowz.

Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives: 110
It is impossible that I should dye
By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waite me safely cross the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. [*Whit.*] Come Suffolke. I must
waite thee | to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt have cause to feare before I leave thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope. 120

1. *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
Us'd to command, untaught to pleade for favour.
Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my King:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Then stand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare: 130
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

[*Suf.*] Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

115. *cross*: misprint 1F. only.

116. new l. at W.-3-4F.

118. *Pine*: out-2-4F.

IV. i. 133-ii. 9] THE SECOND PART OF

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.¹ ¹ *beggars*
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slave
Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand
Stab'd *Julius Cæsar*. Savage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.
Exit Water with Suffolke. 140

Lien. And as for these whose ransome we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
*Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.**

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and livelesse bodie lye,
Untill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
His body will I beare unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends, 150
So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.
[*Exit with the body.*]

[Scene ii. *Blackheath.*]

Enter Bevis, and John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they have bene up these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to
dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-barc. Well, I say,

134. *Suf.*: out, and l. 133 given *Suf.* - HAMMER.

137. *Brutus*: misprint 1F. only for *Brutus*.

140. *Water*: *Walter*-2-4F. 146. *livelesse*: *lifelesse*-CAPELL.

it was never merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
calme up. 10

Bevis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather
Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Councill are no good
Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Laboffr in thy Vocation:
which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring
men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Bevis. 'Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
brave minde, then a hard hand. 21

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Bests* Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. Hee shall have the skinnes of our enemies, to
make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Bevis. 'Then is sin stricke downe like an Oxe, and ini-
quities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

Bev. Argo, their thred of life is spun. 30

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them

Drumme. Enter *Cade*, *Dicke Butcher*, *Smith the Weaver*,
and a *Sawyer*, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee *John Cade*, so tearm'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

[*Dick*] *But.* [*Aside*] Or rather of stealing a *Cade*¹
of Herrings. | ^{1 keg}

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before us, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-
mand silence.

37. *faile: fall-4F.*

But. Silence.

40

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes¹ here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house. 50^o

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, under a hedge: for his Father had never a house but the Cage.²

¹ linen ² jail

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have seene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of prooffe. 61

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captaine is Brave, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfe peny Loaves sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be. 70

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will

apparrell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should undoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Beeswaxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was never mine owne man since. How now? Who's there? 83

Enter [some bringing forward] a Clarke.

Weaver. The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer. 91

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: unlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. | Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy | name?

Clarke. Emanuell.

But. They use to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you. 100

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy name? | Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea- | ling man?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I have bin so well brought up, that I can write my name.

IV. ii. 114-142] THE SECOND PART OF

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke 110

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere? I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother | are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

119

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight pre- | sently; [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir *John Mortimer*. [*Rises.*] Now have at him. |

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother,
with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, 131
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre unto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,
And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I sir.

140

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

• *Bro.* That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a begger-woman stolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His ~~some~~ am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &
the bricke are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore
deny it not.

152

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudgers Wordes,
that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. *Jacke Cade*, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lyes, for I invented it my selfe.
Go too Sir- | rah, tell the King from me, that for his
Fathers sake *Hen-* | ry the fift, (in whose time, boyes
went to Span-counter | for French Crownes) I am
content he shall raigne, but Ile | be Protector over
him. |

161

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l have the Lord *Sayes*
head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds
it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath

138-9. verse, 2 ll. ending March, not -POPE.

153-4. verse, 2 ll. ending words, what-POPE.

157. new l. at Go-THROBALD.

IV. ii. 174-iii. 6] THE SECOND PART OF

gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance. 170

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are ovr enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevayle, Assaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are up with *Cade*, That those which flye before the battell ends, 180 May even in their Wives and Childrens sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doores:

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons, follow me: Now shew your selves men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,¹

For they are thrifty honest men, and such ¹ *bobnailed shors* As would (but that they dare not) take our parts. 189

But. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene iii. *Another part of Blackheath.*]

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaved'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine

owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee,
the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

10

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deserv'st no lesse.
This Monument of the victory will I beare [*putting on*
Sir Humphrey's brigandine], and the bo- | dies shall be
dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to | Lon-
don, where we will have the Maiors sword born be- |
fore us.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open
the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march
towards London.

Exeunt.

[Scene iv. London. The palace.]

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with
Suf- | folkes bead, the Duke of Buckingham, and the
Lord Say.

Queene. Oft have I heard that greefe softens the mind,
And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on revenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

11

King. Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Jucke Cade* their Generall.

IV. iv. 14-41] THE SECOND PART OF

But stay, Ile read it over once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent, 20
That were unworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord *Say*, *Jacke Cade* hath sworne to have thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Love) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not have mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my Love, I should not mourne, but dye for
thee. 30

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in Southwatke: Fly my Lord;
Jacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace Usurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercilesse: 40
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proccede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Untill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now alive,

22. *boae:* have-2-4F.

34. *Soubwatke:* Southwark-2-4F.

HENRY THE SIXT

IV. iv. 42-v. 6

These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee, 50
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. *Jacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,
Joyne with the Traitor, and they joyntly sweare 60
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor us.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels

Buc. Trust no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The trust I have, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. London. The Tower.]

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Jacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:

For they have wonne the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstand them:

The L. Maior craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

50 *hateth*: hate-2-4F. 66. *you betraid*: you be betray'd-2-4F.
4-8. *prose-Porn.*

IV. v. 7-vi. 18] THE SECOND PART OF

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
 But I am troubled heere with them^e my selfe, 10
 The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
 And thither I will send you *Matbew Goffe*.
 Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives,
 And so farwell, for I must hence againe. *Exeunt*

[Scene vi. London. Cannon Street.]

*Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his^t
 staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
 And heere sitting upon London Stone,
 I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
 The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
 This first yeare of our raigne.
 And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
 That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running. 10

Soul. *Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.*

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l never call yee *Jacke
 Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
 in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
 But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
 And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
 Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.* 20

[Scene vij. London. Smithfield.]

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.

Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So airs: now go some and pull down the Savoy:
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Hut. [But.] I have a suite unto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt have it for that word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth. 9

John. [Aside] Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust | in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet. |

Smith. [Aside] Nay *John*, it will be stinking Law, for his breath | stinkes with eating toasted cherse.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. [Aside] Then we are like to have biting Statutes |
Unlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common. *Enter a Messenger.* 20

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say, which sold the Townes in France. He that made us pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound, the last Subsidie. ^{1 satin}

Enter George [Bevis], with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say,¹ thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now

27. *Surge: serge-Rowe.*

art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of Normandie unto Mounsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome¹ that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooved to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth,² dost thou not?

Say. What of that? ¹ broom

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honestest men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

61

60. *wher'e*: where-3-4F.

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
 Is term'd the civel'st place of all this Isle:
 Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
 The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
 Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.
 I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
 Yet to recover them would loose my life:
 Justice with favour have I alwayes done,
 Prayres and Teares have mov'd me, Gifts could never.
 When have I ought exacted at your hands?
 Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
 Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
 And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.
 Unlesse you be possest with divellish spirits,
 You cannot but forbear to murder me:
 This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraigne Kings
 For your behoofe. 80

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
 Those that I never saw, and stricke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde
 Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Give him a box o'th'care, and that wil make'em
 red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
 Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases. 90

Cade. You shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help
 of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou quiver man?

Say. The Palsie, and not feare provokes me.

71-2. *bands?* Kent: hands, But-RANN.

91. *Candle:* caudle-4F.

Cade. Nay, he noddeth at us, as who should say, Ile be even with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended most? Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake. Are my Chests fill'd up with extorted Gold? 100 Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye seeke my death? These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding, This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts. O let me live.

Cade. I feelee remorse in my selfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar¹ under his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both uppon two poles hither. ^{1 spirit} 113

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countymen: If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your selves: How would it fare with your departed soules, And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: [*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*] the | proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on | his shoulders, unlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not | a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden- | head ere they have it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite. | And we charge and command, that their wives be as free | as heart can wish, or tongue can tell. | 125

Dicke. My Lord,
When shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our billes?¹

¹ *spears*

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave.

130

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. But is not this braver:
Let them kisse one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them againe,
Least they consult about the giving up
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie untill night:
For with these borne before us, in steed of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner
Have them kisse. Away.

Exit 140

[Scene viii. *Southwark.*]

*Alarm, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,
and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-strecte, downe Saint Magnes corner,
kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare?
Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford [attended].

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King 11

126-7. PROSE—THEOBALD.

132-40. PROSE—THEOBALD.

3. *Magnes*: MAGNUS—WARBURTON.

6-8. PROSE—HANMER.

Unto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, God save his Majesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father, 20
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and passe by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleeeve him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in slaverie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your hackes with hur-
thens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light uppon you
all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him. 40
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:

17. *rabble*: rebel-2SINGER. 28. *White-heart*: White Hart-4F.
30. *Freedome*: freedom-2-4F. 37-8. 1 l.-Pork.

HENRY THE SIXT

[IV. viii. 41-72

Not knowes he how to live, but by the spoile,
 Unlesse by robbing of your Friends, and us.
 Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jarre,
 The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
 Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
 Me thinks already in this civill broyle,
 I see them Lording it in London streets, 50
 Crying *Villago* unto all they meete.
 Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
 Then you should stoope unto a Frenchmans mercy.
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost:
 Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
 God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
 Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford. 59
Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
 as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them
 to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave mee de-
 solate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize
 me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
 in despite of the divels and hell, have through the verie
 middest of you, and heavens and honor be witnesse, that
 no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
 base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
 my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him, 70
 And he that brings his head unto the King,
 Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.
 Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane,
 To reconcile you all unto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

[Scene ix. *Kenilworth Castle.*]

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and
Somerset on the Tarras.*

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and [old] Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majesty. 10
King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter [below,] Multitudes with Halters about their
Neckes.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heaven set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives, 20
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your severall Countries.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland, 30
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke
distrest,
Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate. 40
But now is Cade driven backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Untill his Army be dismiss from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Countrey good. 50

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

41. *dispierc'd*: dispersed—4F.

[Scene x. *Kent. Iden's garden.*]*Enter Cade.*

Cade. Pye on Ambitions: sic on my selfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies have I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can cate Grasse, & picke a Sallet¹ another while, which is not amiae to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet,² my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;³ and many a time when I have beene dry, & bravely marching, it hath serv'd me insteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

¹ salad ² helmet ³ spear*Enter Iden.*

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoyled in the Court, And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. 20 I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what envy: Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leave. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes

2. *Ambitions*: ambition—2-4F. 21. *warning*: warning—Pope.
26. *A*: Ah—Rows.

of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part. 30

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Brave thee? I by the best blood that ever was
broach'd, and heard thee to. Looke on mee well, I have
eate no meate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy
five men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore
naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more. 41

Iden. Nay, it shall nere besaid, while England stands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, 50
And if mine arme be heaved in the Ayre,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-
on that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe,
ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees
thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

58. *Jove:* God-Qq.

Heere they Fight. [Cade falls.] 60

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, lesten thousand diuilles come against me, and give me but the ten meales I have lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of Cade is fled.

Idea. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, 70
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. *Idea* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge; |

Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell. 80
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon. *Exit.*

63. *Fds:* 1st Id—CAMBRIDGE.

[Act V. Scene i. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*]

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah Sancta Majestas! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due action to my words, 10
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it have, have I a soule,
On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege, 20
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne,
Should raise so great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. [*Aside*] Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great. |

Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint,

1. *with*: misprint 1F.

8. *knowes*: know-Rowe.

13. *Fleure*: flower-Rowe.

I am so angry at these abject tearmes.
 And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
 On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie. 130
 I am farre better borne then is the king:
 More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
 But I must make faire weather yet a while,
 Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong.
 Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while:
 My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
 The cause why I have brought this Armie hither,
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
 Seditious to his Grace, and to the State. 40

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
 But if thy Armes be to no other end,
 The King hath yeelded unto thy demand:
 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Upon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
 Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selves:
 Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
 You shall have pay, and every thing you wish. 50
 And let my Sovereaigne, vertuous *Henry*,
 Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
 As pledges of my Fealtie and Love,
 Ile send them all as willing as I live:
 Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I have
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
 We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to us
 That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme? 61

Yorke. In all submission and humnility,
Yorke doth present himselfe unto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Yor. To heave the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebelle *Cade*,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King: 70
Boe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how just art
thou? |

Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
'That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loves his King. 80

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.

King. *Iden*, kneele downe, [*He kneels.*] rise up a
Knight: |

We give thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit such a bountie,
And never live but true unto his Liege. [*Rises.*]

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke. 90

Qu. For thousand¹ Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to governe and rule multitudes, 100
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Give place: by heaven thou shalt rule no more 110
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.

Sam. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Yorke. Wold'st have me kneele? First let me ask of
thee, |
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:

[*Exit Attendant.*]

I know ere they will have me go to Ward,¹ ¹ prison
They'll pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine, 120

117. sonne: sons-2-4F.

119. of: for-2-4F.

HENRY THE SIXT

[V. i. 115-139]

To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Suręty for their Traitor Father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
'The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Suręty will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter [old] Clifford [and his son]. 130

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

[*Kneels.*]

Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee? |

Nay, do not fright us with an angry looke:
We are thy Sovereaigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King *Yorke*, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I *Clifford*, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King. 141

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu. He is atrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall give their words for him.

Yor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serve.

138. *mistakes*: *mistakent*-2-4F. 144. *atrested*: *arrested*-2-4F.

V. i. 140-166] THE SECOND PART OF

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors have we heere?

Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor: '151

Call hither to the stake my two brave Beares,

That with the very shaking of their Chaines,

They may astonish these fell-lurking Curses,

Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and
Salisbury.*

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears
to death, | ¹ bear-keeper

And manacle the Berard¹ in their Chaines,

If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place. 160

Rich. Oft have I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,

Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,

Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,

And such a peece of service will you do,

If you oppose your selves to match Lord Warwicke.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Clif. Take heede least by your heate you burne your
selves: 171

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver haire,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,

What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?

And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?

Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

159. *Berard*: bear-ward—POPE.

If it be banisht from the frostie head, :
 Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre, 180
 And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
 That bowes unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my selfe
 The Title of this most renowned Duke,
 And in my conscience, do repute his grace
 The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegaunce unto me?

Sal. I have. 191

Ki. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare unto a sinne:
 But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
 Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
 To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
 To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
 To reave the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
 To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong, 200
 But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Yorke, Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames prove true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
 To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to beare a greater storme,

V. i. 199-ii. 7] THE SECOND PART OF

Then any thou canst conjure up to day: 210
And that Ile write upon thy Burgonet,¹ ^{1 helmet}
Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Nevils Crest*,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepe his leaves insight of any storme,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it under foot with all contempt, 210
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

Yo. Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.

Yo. Clif. Foule stygmaticke² that's more then thou
canst tell. ^{2 deformed one}

Ric. If not in heaven, you'l surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*
[severally.]

[Scene ii. *Saint Alban's.*]

[*Alarums to battle.*] *Enter Warwicke.*

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

212. *housed*: household—Qq.

218. *io*: to—Rowe.

221. *Bearard*: bear-ward—Pope.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed: 11
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Even of the bonnie beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

Yor. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. I hen nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day, 20
It greeves my soule to leave thee unassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?

Yorke. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mineemie.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both. 30

Yor. A dreadfull lay,¹ addresse² thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*]

Clif. *La fin Corrone les eumenes.* [Dies.]

Yor. Thus Warre hath given thee peace, for thou art
still, | ¹wager ²make ready
Peace with his soule, heaven if it be thy will.

21. *thee*: misprint 1F.

22-3. 1 l.—POPE.

32. *Corrone les eumenes*: couronne (couronné—POPE)—THEOBALD;
les œuvres—2-4F.

V. ii. 84-iii. 16] THE SECOND PART OF

• *Enter Clifford.*

Clif. But that my hearts on futur^e mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Uncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.¹ *parties*
Away for your releefe, and we will live
To see their day, and them our Fortune give. 100
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *Fields near St. Alban's.*] "

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwick,
and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush² of Time: *2 hurt*
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor have we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father: 10
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th' Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard.* 20

95. *bearts: heart's*-2-3F.

God knowes how long it is I have, to live:
 And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
 You have defended me from imminent death.
 Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

Forke. I know our safety is to follow them,
 For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
 To call a present Court of Parliamept:
 Let us pursue him ere the Writs go forth. 30
 What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:
 Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
 Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
 Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
 And more such dayes as these, to us befall. *Exeunt.*

33. *band: faith—Qq.*

36. *Drumme: drums—Qq.*

FINIS.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS IN GLOSSARIES

All's Well	All's Well that Ends Well
Ant. & Cleo.	Antony and Cleopatra
As You	As You Like It
Cor.	Coriolanus
Cymb.	Cymbeline
Errors	The Comedy of Errors
Ham.	Hamlet
1 Hen. IV	The First Part of King Henry IV
2 Hen. IV	The Second Part of King Henry IV
Hen. V	The Life of King Henry V
1 Hen. VI	The First Part of King Henry VI
2 Hen. VI	The Second Part of King Henry VI
3 Hen. VI	The Third Part of King Henry VI
Hen. VIII	The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII
John	The Life and Death of King John
Jul. Cæs.	Julius Cæsar
Lear	King Lear
Lov. Comp.	A Lover's Complaint
Love's Lab.	Love's Labour's Lost
Lucrece	The Rape of Lucrece
Macb.	Macbeth
Meas. for Meas.	Measure for Measure
Mer. of Ven.	The Merchant of Venice
Mer. Wives	The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mids. Night Dr.	A Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado	Much Ado about Nothing
Oth.	Othello
Pass. Pilg.	The Passionate Pilgrim
Per.	Pericles
Phœn. & Tur.	The Phoenix and the Turtle
Rich. II	The Tragedy of King Richard II
Rich. III.	The Tragedy of King Richard III
Rom. & Jul.	Romeo and Juliet
Sonn.	Sonnets
Sonn. Mus.	Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music
Tam. of Shr.	The Taming of the Shrew
Temp.	The Tempest
Tim. of Ath.	Timon of Athens
Tit. And.	Titus Andronicus
Tro. & Cres.	Troilus and Cressida
Tw. Night	Twelfth Night
Two Gen. of Ver.	The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Ven. & Ad.	Venus and Adonis
Wint. Tale	The Winter's Tale

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFT

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- A*, II. iii. 11¹, 18¹, 20, etc., he; II. iii. 18¹, of; *a-many*, III. vii. 77, IV. iii. 106, many; John, IV. ii. 209.
- Absolute*, III. vii. 28, perfect; Mer. *Wives*, III. iii. 56.
- Accept*, V. ii. 87, acceptance (?).
- Accomplishing*, IV. Pro. 14, equipping, finishing.
- Accompt*, I. Pro. 18, account, total.
- Accord*, II. ii. 89, agree; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 280.
- Act*, I. ii. 194, practice, working.
- Action*, I. ii. 119, three syllables.
- Addition*, I. i. 60, inclination.
- Address* (*addressed*), III. iii. 60, prepared; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iv. 7.
- Admiration*, II. ii. 111, astonishment.
- Adulation*, IV. i. 261, five syllables.
- Advance*, II. ii. 195, raise; 1 Hen. VI, I. vi. 3.
- Advantages*, IV. i. 291, is beneficial to; singular by confusion, because of the intervening *present*.
- Adventures*, IV. i. 123, hazards.
- Adviser*, II. ii. 46, consideration.
- Advis'd* (*advised*), I. ii. 258, cautious, considerate.
- Afear'd* (*afraid*), IV. i. 146, afraid, used interchangeably; 1 Hen. IV, II. iv. 360.
- Affiance*, II. ii. 130, confidence; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 77.
- After*, IV. ii. 68.
- All-*, Epil. 2, IV. Pro. 40, intensive prefix.
- Ancient*, II. i. 4, ensign, officer next below lieutenant; 1 Hen. IV, II. iv. 25.
- And* (*an*), IV. vii. 141, 173, if.
- Annoy*, II. ii. 105, hurt.
- Another*, I. ii. 118, the other.
- Answer*, II. iv. 6, be ready to oppose.
- Antiques* (*antics*), III. ii. 30, stress on first syllable; buffoons; Rich. II, III. ii. 165.
- Apace*, IV. viii. 5, quickly; 1 Hen. IV, V. ii. 98.
- Apart*, II. iv. 88, aside.
- Apparance* (*appearance*), II. ii. 78, sight, being visible.
- Appertinents*, II. ii. 90, appurtenances.
- Appointed*, III. Pro. 5, equipped.
- Apprehension*, III. vii. 140, sense.
- Approbation*, I. ii. 24, five syllables; ratification.
- Apt*, II. ii. 89, ready; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 183.
- Argument*, III. i. 24, vii. 38, subject of disagreement or conversation.
- Armed*, I. ii. 198, two syllables.
- As*, II. iv. 24, as though.
- Aspect*, III. i. 12, always accented on second syllable in Sh.
- Assayes* (*assays*), I. ii. 156, attacks; Ham. II. ii. 79.
- Assured*, IV. iii. 91, three syllables.
- Astonisht* (*astonished*), V. i. 40, stunned.
- Achievement* (*achievement*), III. v. 63, conquest, winning a battle.
- Athwart*, V. Pro. 11, across.
- Attaint*, IV. Pro. 41, infection.
- Aunchient*, III. v. 13, 19, V. i. 19, ancient, ensign, the officer next below lieutenant; Oth., I. i. 35, ii. 59.
- Araunt*, III. ii. 19, begone! John, IV. iii. 83.
- Awkward* (*awkward*), II. iv. 95, unfair.

HENRY THE FIFT

Backe returne (*back-return*), V. Pro. 43, a compound verbal noun.
Balles (*balls*), I. ii. 290, V. ii. 21, eyeballs.
Balme (*balm*), IV. i. 267, consecrated oil; a Hen. IV, IV. v. 128.
Bangu'roun (*bankrupt*), IV. ii. 51, bankrupt, impoverished.
Barre (*bar*), V. ii. 31, tribunal.
Bate, III. vii. 116, flap the wings, a term of falconry.
Battaille (*battle*), IV. Pro. 11, army; *battailles*, IV. iii. 77, battalions.
Bawcocke, III. ii. 23, IV. i. 49, a term of endearment always masculine.
Become, I. ii. 12, IV. ii. 48, grace.
Before breach (*before-breach*), IV. i. 175, compound verbal noun, former breaking; cf. *backe-returne*.
Beguiling, IV. i. 167, deceiving, seducing.
Brnd up, III. i. 19, strain, as a bow; *bending*, Epil. 3, assiduous.
Bent, V. ii. 20, turning in a certain direction, aim; Cymb., I. i. 19.
Beshrew, V. ii. 229, a mild imprecation.
Bestow yourself, IV. iii. 76, take your place; Ham. III. i. 37.
Betrothed, II. iv. 118, three syllables.
Bever (*beaver*), IV. ii. 52, helmet with movable front.
Blood, II. ii. 136, passion, impulse.
Bloodie (*bloody*), II. iv. 57, fierce.
Bolt, III. vii. 126, a blunt arrow, used in killing birds, and by professional fools; As You, V. iv. 69.
Bonnet, IV. i. 215, hat or cap; Rich. II, I. iv. 32.
Booke (*book*), IV. vii. 78, register.
Boote (*boot*), I. ii. 199, use, profit; a Hen. VI, IV. i. 15.
Bootlesse (*bootless*), III. iii. 25, uselessly.
Bottomes (*bottoms*), III. Pro. 14, vessels; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 46.
Boulled (*bolted*), II. ii. 140, sifted.
Bound, V. ii. 147, make curvet.
Bow, I. ii. 19, bend, warp.
Brave, III. Pro. 7, fine in appearance.
Bravely, IV. iii. 77, making a fine show.

Breahe (*break*), V. ii. 250, disclose; 1 Hen. VI, I. iii. 93.
Breathe (*breath*), II. iv. 157, breathing time, respire; Rich. II, III. ii. 167.
Brim, I. ii. 155, used as an adjective instead of as part of the compound noun 'brimfulness'.
Bring, II. iii. 2, accompany; Much Ado, III. ii. 4.
Broached, V. Pro. 34, two syllables; spitted.
Bruised, V. Pro. 20, two syllables; battered.
Bubukles, III. vi. 102, swollen sores.
Buffet, V. ii. 146, box.
Bully, IV. i. 52, dashing fellow; Mer. Wives, I. iii. 4, 8.
Burnet, V. ii. 53, an herb.
Buried (*buried*), III. iii. 10, three syllables.
But, II. ii. 139, except.
Buxome (*buxom*), III. vi. 28, fresh, lively, only here in Sh.
By and by, II. ii. 3, presently, soon; 1 Hen. IV, I. ii. 40.
Callice (*Calais*), III. vi. 143, stress on second syllable.
Calmie, *custure me*, IV. iv. 6, imitation of an Irish song.
Carefull (*careful*), IV. i. 237, caretaking.
Carrantos (*corantos*), III. V. 35, lively dances; Tw. Night, I. iii. 120.
Carreeres (*careers*), II. i. 120, sallies of wit.
Curry coales (*coals*), III. ii. 45, pocket insults.
Case, III. ii. 4, set of four.
Caske (*casque*), I. Pro. 14, helmets.
Casted, IV. i. 25, cast, discarded.
Careto, II. iii. 50, Latin for 'take care'.
Chaces, I. ii. 274, games of tennis.
Challenger, II. iv. 105, claimant.
Charged, I. ii. 291, two syllables; accountable.
Chauuntries (*chantries*), IV. i. 310, chapels.
Chearely (*cheerily*), II. ii. 195, cheerfully; 1 Hen. IV, V. iv. 88.
Christome (*christom*) *child*, II.

GLOSSARY

- *iii. 12, child dying when less than a month old.*
- Crystals (crystals), II. iii. 51, eyes.*
- Chuck III. ii. 24, chicken, a term of endearment; Tw. Night, III. iv. 116.*
- Civil, I. ii. 204, well-governed.*
- Clasp hands, V. ii. 136, clasp hands in betrothal; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 128.*
- Close, I. ii. 186, chord, union.*
- Cold, I. ii. 119, unmoved.*
- Comes o're (o'er), I. ii. 275, reminds; cf. Oth., IV. i. 24.*
- Comings (comings) in, IV. i. 250, incomes.*
- Companies, I. i. 61, companions.*
- Complement, II. ii. 137, outward appearance; Oth., I. i. 63.*
- Compound, IV. vi. 36, come to terms.*
- Condemned, IV. Pro. 24, three syllables.*
- Condition, IV. i. 240, iii. 70, four syllables; IV. iii. 70, rank; conditions, IV. i. 112, qualities.*
- Confounded, III. i. 16, wasted; IV. v. 5, lost, ruined.*
- Congreting, I. ii. 186, harmonizing.*
- Congreeted, V. ii. 35, greeted each other.*
- Conne (con), III. vi. 74, learn by heart; As You, III. ii. 267.*
- Conscience, I. ii. 85, three syllables; IV. i. 124, real opinion.*
- Consent, I. ii. 185, harmony; II. ii. 25, agreement.*
- Consideration, I. i. 33, meditation.*
- Consigne (consign), V. ii. 95, agree.*
- Constraint, II. iv. 107, compulsion, use of force.*
- Contemplation, I. i. 69, observation, study.*
- Contrarioulsly, I. ii. 211, in contrary ways.*
- Contrived, IV. i. 167, deliberate.*
- Convey'd (conveyed), I. ii. 79, passed off.*
- Corporall (corporal), I. i. 19, bodily, manual.*
- Couch, IV. ii. 44, lie, crouch.*
- Counterfeit, V. i. 69, dissembling.*
- Couple a gorge, II. i. 69, coupe la gorge, cut the throat.*
- Coursing, I. ii. 148, marauding.*
- Cousin, I. ii. 7, a title of courtesy used especially by princes; 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 6.*
- Couse (coe), IV. iii. 38, cousin.*
- Conwarded, II. ii. 77, made cowardly; a verb occurring only here.*
- Crasing (gracing), IV. iii. 116, passing their mark.*
- Create, II. ii. 34, created, composed; for the form, cf. miscreate, I. ii. 21.*
- Cressive (crescive), I. i. 72, increasing.*
- Crowned, II. ii. 6, two syllables.*
- Crush'd (crushed), I. ii. 179, strained.*
- Cullions, III. ii. 20, miserable wretches; Tam. of Shr., IV. ii. 23.*
- Culler (coultter), V. ii. 50, plowshare.*
- Curranee, I. i. 39, current, flow.*
- Curselarie (cursorary), V. ii. 82, cursory, careless.*
- Cursie (courtsey), V. ii. 273, bow, yield.*
- Curtaines (curtains), IV. ii. 49, contemptuously used for 'banners.'*
- Curtleax, IV. ii. 28, cutlass, long curved sword.*
- Dalliance, II. Pro. 3, luxury, trifling.*
- Damnation, II. ii. 118, four syllables.*
- Damned, II. i. 58, ii. 167, two syllables.*
- Darr, IV. ii. 43, make to crouch in fear, a term of falconry; Hen. VIII, I. ii. 50.*
- Darnell (darne?), V. ii. 49, tares, an ill-tasting weed.*
- Deare (dear), II. ii. 184, grievous; deere, II. ii. 60, devoted; intensive, as often; John, I. i. 270.*
- Defendant, II. iv. 11, defensive.*
- Defensible, III. iii. 52, capable of offering resistance.*
- Defunction, I. ii. 61, death.*
- Defus'd (diffused), V. ii. 65, disordered.*
- Degree, IV. vii. 144, rank; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iii. 7.*
- Deliver, III. vi. 169, say; 1 Hen. IV, I. iii. 30.*

HENRY 'THE FIFT

Deposed, I. ii. 70, three syllables.
Deracinate, V. ii. 51, uproot.
Destre, IV. i. 29, invite; Tro. & Cres., IV. v. 170.
Desolation, III. iii. 19, five syllables.
Destruction, III. iii. 5, four syllables.
Digest, II. Pro. 32, reduced to order; ii. 58, digested, carried into effect.
Discover'd (discovered), II. ii. 154, revealed; 1 Hen. VI, V. iv. 61.
Discuss, III. ii. 61, explain.
Dishonest, I. ii. 54, loose, immoral.
Distemper, II. ii. 56, distress of mind.
Distressefull (distressful), IV. i. 277, hard-earned.
Doe (do), IV. i. 28, give; Jul. Cæs., IV. ii. 7; IV. iii. 29, cause; Tw. Night, V. i. 138, Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 205.
Dolphin (Dauphin), I. ii. 226, 251, etc., heir-apparent of France.
Doubt (dout), IV. ii. 14, put out, quench.
Drench, III. v. 21, dish of meal and water; 1 Hen. IV, II. iv. 107.
Dresse (dress), IV. i. 11, prepare, equip; Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 173.
Duke, III. ii. 21, 23, leader.
Earnest, II. ii. 172, earnest-money, preliminary payment to clinch a bargain.
Eek (eke) out, III. Pro. 38, complete.
Elder gunne (gun), IV. i. 203, pop-gun made of elder wood.
Element, IV. i. 110, sky; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iii. 53.
Embassie (embassy), I. i. 103, ii. 246, message; John, I. i. 11.
Embattail'd, IV. ii. 20, drawn up for battle; John, IV. ii. 210.
Emperie (empire), I. ii. 231, sway, dominion.
Emptying, III. v. 8, out-pouring, issue.
End, II. i. 10, nothing more to be said; 1 Hen. IV, V. iii. 67.
Enforced, IV. vii. 64, three syllables; sent with force.
English, II. iv. 4, English com-

mander; cf. *the enemy* treated as singular; cf. *French*, IV. iv. 71.
England, II. iv. 12, the king of England.
Englutted, IV. iii. 93, swallowed up.
Enow, IV. i. 229, ii. 35, etc., plural of *enough*.
Enraged, III. iii. 26, three syllables.
Enrounded, IV. Pro. 38, surrounded.
Enschedul'd (enscheduled), V. ii. 77, drawn up in writing.
Enter (inter)-tissued, IV. i. 269, four syllables; interwoven.
Erne (yearn), II. ii. 4, grieve; cf. *yearnes*, IV. iii. 34.
Estate, IV. i. 104, state, condition.
Even, II. i. 116, real truth.
Even, V. ii. 46, evenly, smoothly.
Evenly, II. iv. 101, directly; 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 113.
Exception, II. iv. 30, making objections; 1 Hen. IV, I. iii. 82.
Executors, I. ii. 208, main stress on first syllable; executioners.
Exhibitors, I. i. 82, those who propose measures in Parliament.
Expedience, IV. iii. 78, speed, haste; Rich. II, II. i. 297.
Expedition, II. ii. 194, five syllables; movement, march.
Eythurs (either's), II. ii. 109, one another's.
Faculty, I. i. 72, latent power.
Farsed, II. i. 270, two syllables; stuffed out.
Fatal and neglected, II. iv. 16, double expression for 'fatally (to us) neglected (by us)'.
Fat-brain'd (brained), III. vii. 38, dull, stupid; cf. *fat-witted*, 1 Hen. IV, I. ii. 5.
Favour, V. ii. 67, appearance; John, V. iv. 54.
Fear'd (feared), I. ii. 160, frightened; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iv. 139.
Fearfull (fearful), II. Pro. 28, feeling fear.
Fell, III. iii. 28, V. ii. 371, cruel.
Femetary (fumitory), V. ii. 49, a plant.
Ferret, IV. iv. 27, worry as a ferret does its prey.

GLOSSARY

- *Set*, III. i. 25, *set*ched; *cf.* *farre-set*, 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 305.
- Set-beck* (*seth*), IV. vii. 84, hair growing behind the lower joint of a horse's leg.
- Few*, 2 ii. 252, brief, few words; 1 Hen. IV, I. i. 128.
- Figge* (*fig*), III. vi. 58, perhaps the same as *figo*, perhaps a poisoned fig.
- Figo*, III. vi. 56, IV. i. 64, a gesture of contempt or insult, made with the thumb and fingers.
- Find*, I. ii. 77, trace.
- Finde* (*find*) *faults*, V. ii. 277, fault-finders.
- Fits*, II. iv. 14, befits.
- Flekel*, IV. ii. 53, two syllables.
- Flesht* (*fleshed*), II. iv. 56, trained for hunting, like hounds fed with meat; 2 Hen. IV, I. i. 165; III. iii. 77, voice, blood-thirsty; Rich III, IV. iii. 7.
- Flexure*, IV. i. 262, bending, bowing.
- Flouds* (*floods*), I. ii. 50, waters, rivers; 1 Hen. IV, I. iii. 107.
- Flower-de-luce*, V. ii. 215, fleur-de-lys, emblem of France; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 147.
- Finellen*, III. ii. 54, three syllables, stress on the second, *Flu-ellen*; the Welsh name Llewellen.
- Footed*, II. iv. 155, landed, on foot; Lear, III. iii. 14.
- For*, II. iv. 123, as for.
- Forced*, IV. i. 306, two syllables.
- Fore*, II. ii. 2, before; Hen. VIII, II. iv. 149.
- Fore spent*, II. iv. 41, completely past; *cf.* 2 Hen. IV, I. i. 47.
- For*, IV. iv. 11, sword.
- Foyles* (*foils*), IV. Pro. 52, fencing swords, fencers.
- France*, II. Pro. 21, the king of France.
- French*, IV. iv. 71, Frenchman, French king; *cf.* *English*, II. iv. 4.
- French crownes* (*crowns*), IV. i. 231, coins of a certain value, and bald heads.
- Freshly*, IV. Pro. 41, adverb modifying the verb instead of an adjective (*fresh*) agreeing with the subject; *cf.* *greenely*, V. ii. 149, and *As You*, III. ii. 226.
- Fret*, IV. vii. 84, chafe; 1 Hen. IV, II. ii. 4.
- Friend*, IV. v. 20, befriend.
- From the answer of*, IV. vii. 144, above accepting a challenge from.
- Full fraught* (*full-fraught*), II. ii. 142, fully endowed, perfect.
- Functions*, I. ii. 189, three syllables.
- Galled*, III. i. 15, two syllables; worn away; *galling*, I. ii. 156, harassing; *galling at*, V. i. 73, mocking.
- Galliard*, I. ii. 261, a lively dance; Tw. Night, I. iii. 120.
- Garb*, V. i. 75, style; Oth., II. i. 339.
- Gentle*, IV. iii. 70, make of the rank of gentleman.
- Gentles*, I. Pro. 9, gentlefolk; Tain. of Shrr., III. ii. 90.
- Gesture*, IV. Pro. 27, demeanour.
- Giddy*, I. ii. 150, inconstant.
- Gilt*, II. Pro. 27, gold.
- Girded*, III. Pro. 29, encircled; *girding*, I. ii. 157, encircling.
- Gleaned*, I. ii. 156, two syllables; stript of its men.
- Gleeking*, V. i. 73, scuffling.
- Glist'ring*, II. ii. 120, shining.
- Gloze*, I. ii. 45, gloss, interpret; Tro. & Cres., II. ii. 172.
- God before*, I. ii. 316, I swear before God.
- Godden*, III. ii. 84, good evening; *cf.* John, I. i. 195.
- Grace*, II. Pro. 29, ornament.
- Grace*, III. vi. 67, gain credit for; *As You*, I. i. 146.
- Great belly*, IV. vii. 49, a compound adjective; fitting a big belly.
- Greenely* (*greenly*), V. ii. 149, foolish; for the use of the adverb, *cf.* *freshly*, IV. Pro. 41.
- Grvat*, V. i. 58, silver fourpence.
- Grosse* (*gross*), II. ii. 106, palpable; 1 Hen. IV, II. iv. 221; IV. i. 289, dull, stupid.
- Grossely* (*grossly*), II. ii. 110, evidently.
- Guard on* (*guidon*), IV. ii. 69, standard.
- Gulfe* (*gulf*), II. iv. 13, whirlpool.
- Gunn-stones*, I. ii. 290, stone cannon balls.

HENRY THE FIFT

Habit, III. vi. 115, herald's coat.
Had, IV. i. 287, would have.
Hagled (*naggled*), IV. v. 23, cut, mangled.
Hand-kerchers (*handkerchers*), III. ii. 47, handkerchiefs; Jonu, IV. i. 50.
Happily, V. ii. 98, two syllables, perhaps; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 318.
Happy, I. ii. 309, propitious.
Harā-favour'd (*savoured*), III. i. 11, ugly, grim.
Hardinesse (*hardiness*), I. ii. 225, bravery; Cymb., III. vi. 24.
Have at, III. vii. 122, I will give a blow at; Errors, III. i. 73.
Hazard, I. ii. 270, III. vii. 88, chance of a game.
Head, II. ii. 21, armed force; 2 Hen. IV, I. i. 183, iii. 75.
Headly (*heady*), III. iii. 33, headstrong, desperate.
Hearts, IV. i. 298, 301, courage.
Heaven, I. Pro. 3, distinctly two syllables.
Held, II. iv. 104, withheld.
Helme (*helm*), IV. vii. 162, helmet; 1 Hen. IV, III. ii. 149.
Hence, I. ii. 278, elsewhere.
Hilding, IV. ii. 36, base, contemptible; 2 Hen. IV, I. i. 70.
Him, IV. i. 118, himself.
Hiperio (*Hyperion*), IV. i. 282, stress on second syllable in Sh.; the sun-god.
Hilts, II. Pro. 10, i. 62, hilt, of a single sword; Jul. Cæs., V. iii. 47.
His, I. i. 72, its, referring to *contemplation*; I. ii. 93, for the possessive ending, 's.
Honour-owing, IV. v. 11, honourable.
Hooded, III. vii. 115, covered with a cap, like a hawk.
Hoope (*hoop*), II. ii. 111, shout with surprise; As You, III. ii. 191.
Hose, III. vii. 56, French hose, wide breeches.
Humorous, II. iv. 32, capricious.
Husbandry, IV. Pro. 8, thrift.
Huswife, V. i. 79, hussy, deceiver; Ant. & Cleo., IV. xv. 38.
I (*ay*), II. iii. 27, III. vi. 25, IV. i. 197, yes.

Ill-favoredly, IV. ii. 38, four syllables; ill, with ill looks.
Imaginative (*imagin'd*), I. Pro. 19, imaginative.
Imagin'd, II. Pro. 3, of the imagination.
Imbarre (*imbar*), I. ii. 99, either used in the same sense as *varre*, I. 97, 'exclude,' or in an opposite sense, 'secure.'
Impawne (*impawn*), I. ii. 26, put in pawn, pledge; 1 Hen. IV, IV. iii. 122.
Impe (*imp*), IV. i. 50, scion; 2 Hen. IV, V. v. 48.
Imprachment, III. vi. 144, hindrance.
Imperfections, V. ii. 73, five syllables.
In, I. ii. 189, into; 198, with; *in graunt* (*grant*) of, II. iv. 132, granting.
Indirectly, II. iv. 104, wrongfully.
Ingratefull (*ingrateful*), II. ii. 98, ungrateful, thankless; John, V. vii. 49.
Inlarge, II. ii. 43, set at liberty.
Instance, II. ii. 122, motive, cause; Rich. III, III. ii. 29.
Interred, IV. i. 304, three syllables.
Invention, I. Pro. 3, four syllables.
Investing, IV. Pro. 28, accompanying.
Is, I. ii. 245, are; attracted to the singular by analogy with the previous verb.
Issue, IV. vi. 37, send out tears.
It, V. ii. 44, its; the old possessive form.
Jack an apes (*jack-an-apes*), V. ii. 148, monkey.
Jacke sawce (*jack-sauce*), IV. vii. 149, saucy fellow.
Jades, IV. ii. 54, wretched horses.
Jealousie (*jealousy*), II. ii. 129, suspicion, distrust; Tw. Night, III. ii. 10.
Jewry, III. iii. 41, Judæa.
Just, IV. vii. 125, exact.
Jutty, III. i. 16, project beyond.
Jymold (*gimmel*), IV. ii. 57, made of links or rings.
Kesyes (*keskies*), V. ii. 56, dry hemlock stems.

GLOSSARY

Kerne (*hera*), III. vii. 56, Irish foot-soldier: Rich. II. II. i. 164.
Kind (*kind*), II. Pro. 20, true to nature, filial.
King'd (*kinged*), II. iv. 30, furnished with an idle, worthless king.
Kite, II. i. 72, bird of prey, term of reproach for a person; Lear, I. i. 247.
Lady, II. i. 37, by our lady, the Virgin.
Larding, IV. vi. 10, enriching with his substance; 1 Hen. IV. II. ii. 112.
Late, II. ii. 63, new, lately made; Love's Lab., I. i. 15.
Latter, IV. i. 142, last; 1 Hen. VI. II. v. 41.
Lavolta's (*lavoltas*), III. v. 35, a round dance, apparently including high bounds; cf. *levolt*, Tro. & Cres., IV. iv. 90.
Lay down, I. ii. 142, estimate, plan.
Lazars, I. i. 18, diseased beggars, lepers; *lazar*, II. i. 72, leprous.
Leas, V. ii. 48, arable fields.
Leave, V. ii. 164, permission.
Legerillie (*legerity*), IV. i. 25, lightness, humbleness.
Let, V. ii. 69, hindrance; Lucr. 330, 646.
Leves (*Lewis*), I. ii. 81, 82, etc., one syllable.
Lieu, I. ii. 262, one syllable, *lew*; *lieu of*, return for; As You, II. iii. 68.
Lippe (*lip*), III. ii. 114, lie.
Like, I. i. 6, likely.
Likes, III. Pro. 34, IV. i. 18, pleasures; 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 415.
Lineal (*lineal*), I. ii. 87, a direct descendant.
Linger, II. Pro. 32, protract, drag; Tro. & Cres., V. x. 12.
List, I. i. 49, listen to; Errors, IV. i. 111.
Live (*liev*), III. vii. 63, willingly.
Lob, IV. ii. 55, droop.
Lodging, III. vii. 35, retiring for the night, shutting into the fold.
Longs, II. iv. 90, belongs; should be plural, *longs* to agree with *glories that*.

Loosed, I. ii. 212, two syllables; set off, shot.
Lorraine (*Lorraine*), I. ii. 75, stress on first syllable.
Lowliness (*lowliness*), IV. viii. 57, humble appearance.
Luxurie (*luxury*), III. v. 8, licentiousness.
Luxurious, IV. iv. 18, lascivious.
Lyne (*line*), II. iv. 98, pedigree.
Lyne (*line*), II. iv. 10, strengthen; 1 Hen. IV. II. iii. 83.
Lynstock (*linstock*), III. Pro. 35, gunner's match-stick.
Lyst, V. ii. 275, bounds.
Make boots (*boot*) upon, I. ii. 199, plunder; *make forth*, II. iv. 8, set out.
Marches, I. ii. 145, border lands.
Masters, II. iv. 148, has possession of.
Maw, II. i. 48, stomach.
May, I. Pro. 13, can.
Measure, V. ii. 141, dancing.
Mecter, I. ii. 261, more suitable.
Mercenary, IV. vii. 81, of hired soldiers.
Mickle, II. i. 64, much, great.
Might, IV. v. 24, could; see *may*.
Mightinesse (*mightiness*), V. ii. 32, mightinesses, highnesses.
Million, I. Pro. 17, three syllables.
Mind, IV. iii. 17, remind; *mind-ing*, IV. Pro. 55, recalling.
Miscarry, IV. i. 153, suffer wreck, perish; Meas. for Meas., III. i. 230.
Miscreate, I. ii. 21, illegitimate, falsely invented.
Mistooke (*mistook*), III. vi. 79, mistaken.
Mixtfull (*mistful*), IV. vi. 37, blinded by tears.
Model (*model*), II. Pro. 17, image, miniature.
Morail (*moral*), III. vi. 34, V. ii. 319, application.
More, III. vi. 41, double comparative, as often in Sh.; 2 Hen. IV. IV. v. 217.
Morris-dance, II. iv. 29, festival dance with characters.
Mortif'd (*mortified*), I. i. 31, killed; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 91.
Mould, III. ii. 21, earth.

HENRY THE FIFT

Mounted, IV. i. 114, soared, a technical term of falconry.

Moyes (meys), IV. iv. 14,⁹ bushel.

Name, IV. viii. 112, prominence.

Native, IV. i. 172, in one's own land.

New, IV. i. 304, anew, again.

Nice, V. ii. 273, over-scrupulous.

Nicely, I. ii. 15, sophistically; V. ii. 99, fastidiously.

Noble, II. i. 101, gold coin worth six shillings eight pence.

Nooke (nook)-shotten, III. v. 16, dropped in a corner; *cf. shotten herring*, that has cast its roe, 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 127.

Nor never, I. i. 40, double negative, intensive and good English of the time.

Note, II. ii. 7, notice; IV. Pro. 37, sign.

Nothing, II. i. 39, no violence.

O, I. Pro. 14, circle, circular theater.

Ocean, III. i. 17, three syllables.

Odde (odds), II. iv. 140, discord.

Odoration (adoration), IV. i. 252, five syllables.

Of, II. iii. 26, on, against, or perhaps about; III. iii. 47, for; III. vi. 3, 7, in, a French idiom.

On, II. ii. 56, from; *on heapes (heaps)*, IV. v. 21, V. ii. 43, in heaps.

One, V. ii. 198, at one, alike.

Order, V. Pro. 41, arrange.

Ordinance (ordnance), II. iv. 137, artillery; John, II. i. 234.

O're-bloues (o'er-blows), III. iii. 32, blows away.

O'rewhelme (o'erwhelm), III. i. 14, over-hang, threaten.

Orisons, II. ii. 55, prayers.

Orleance (Orleans), II. iv. 8, III. v. 43, etc., stress on first syllable.

Ostent, V. Pro. 23, external display.

Out-weare (wear), IV. ii. 72, waste, wear out.

Over-beares (bears), IV. Pro. 41, bears down, conquers.

Over-looke (look), II. iv. 100, read through; Ham., IV. vi. 15; III. v. 11, look over from being taller.

Over-shot, III. vii. 228, outdone at shooting.

Ouse (ouse), I. ii. 163,⁹ soft mud; Temp., I. x. 298.

Pales, V. Pro. 12, fences, enclosures; Ant. & Cleo., II. vii. 80.

Parcas (Parca's), V. i. 20, the Fate's.

Parle, III. iii. 3, parley, conference, Rich. II, III. iii. 38.

Part, I. i. 81, side.

Passages, III. vi. 93, acts, actions; 1 Hen. IV, III. ii. 13.

Passes, II. i. 120, indulges in (?).

Pation (paction), V. ii. 373, compact, alliance.

Paunca, II. i. 75, Latin for 'few words,' in brief; Mer. Wives, I. i. 126.

Pavillion (pavilion), IV. i. 29, four syllables; tent.

Pax, III. vi. 41, image of Christ.

Peere (peer), IV. vii. 91, appear; 1 Hen. IV, V. i. 5.

Peevish, III. vii. 137, foolish.

Penons (pennons), III. v. 51, banners.

Perdition, III. vi. 98, loss; Temp., I. ii. 38.

Perdurable, IV. v. 10, everlasting; Oth., I. iii. 369.

Perdy, II. i. 49, par dieu, by God.

Peremptory, V. ii. 87, stress on first syllable; decisive.

Perforce, IV. vi. 36, V. ii. 160, necessarily.

Perspectively, V. ii. 327, as in a perspective picture; see Rich. II, II. ii. 20.

Phantastically (fantastically), II. iv. 31, by a fantastic, capricious person.

Pioners, III. ii. 87, pioneers, army laborers, diggers.

Pitch and pay, II. iii. 48, pay cash.

Plaine (plain)-song, III. ii. 5, simple air without variations.

Play, IV. Pro. 21, play for, use as a stake in gaming.

Pleasant, I. ii. 289, jesting; Much Ado, I. i. 38.

Pleaseth, V. ii. 83, may it please; 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. 237.

Policy, I. i. 51, public matters.

GLOSSARY

- Popular*, IV. i. 43, vulgar, of the people.
- Popularity* (*populrity*), I. i. 65, publicity.
- Poring*, IV. Pro. 4, purblind.
- Port*, I. Pro. 7, bearing; 2 Hen. VI. IV. i. 21.
- Port*, III. i. 13, porthole, eye.
- Possesse* (*possess*), IV. i. 118, fill; 1 Hen. IV. II. ii. 109.
- Powers* (*pouers*), II. ii. 18, III. iii. 48, forces.
- Practique* (*practi*), I. i. 57, practical.
- Practises* (*practices*), II. ii. 93, plots; John, IV. iii. 68.
- Præclarissimus*, V. ii. 348, mistake for *præcarissimus*, dearly beloved.
- Precepts*, III. iii. 27, commands.
- Preparation*, II. Pro. 14, IV. Pro. 16, five syllables.
- Preposterously*, II. ii. 115, unnaturally.
- Prescript*, III. vii. 49, prescribed.
- Present*, II. iv. 74, immediate.
- Presented* (*presenteth*), IV. Pro. 29, showed, shows.
- Presently*, II. i. 84, V. ii. 84, now, immediately.
- Pretty*, I. ii. 181, diminutive; Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 296.
- Prevention*, II. ii. 161, four syllables.
- Prey*, I. ii. 173, *in prey*, in search of prey.
- Prize*, II. iv. 130, value, estimate.
- Projection*, II. iv. 51, plan, calculation.
- Proportion*, III. vi. 128, be in proportion to, equal.
- Proportions*, I. ii. 142, calculations.
- Puissance*, I. Pro. 26, II. ii. 191, three syllables, *pu'is-sance*; forces; III. Pro. 23, two syllables, *puwe-sance*; power, strength.
- Puissant*, I. ii. 124, two syllables, *puwe-sant*; powerful.
- Purged*, II. ii. 139, two syllables.
- Q* (*cne*), III. vi. 125, privilege, right.
- Qualitie*, etc., IV. iv. 6, perhaps a corruption of an Irish song.
- Question*, I. i. 8, discussion.
- Quicke* (*quich*), II. ii. 82, living; Rich. III. I. ii. 71.
- Quit*, II. ii. 169, acquit; 1 Hen. IV. III. ii. 24; III. ii. 103, answer.
- Quittance*, II. ii. 37, recompense, reward.
- Quotidian*, II. i. 113, properly a fever returning each day.
- Raught*, IV. vi. 23, reached; 3 Hen. VI. I. iv. 75.
- Rawly*, IV. i. 146, immaturity, untimely.
- Reasonable*, I. ii. 315, intelligent.
- Reduce*, V. ii. 67, bring back.
- Relapse*, IV. iii. 118, stress on first syllable; rebound, second blow.
- Remembring* (*remembering*), V. Pro. 45, reminding; 1 Hen. IV. V. i. 39.
- Renowned*, I. ii. 123, three syllables; made famous.
- Requiring*, II. iv. 111, asking.
- Resolv'd* (*resolved*), I. ii. 7, satisfied.
- Respect*, V. i. 71, reason, cause.
- Rest*, II. i. 16, resolve, conclusion.
- Returns* (*returns*), III. iii. 48, sends answer.
- Retyre*, IV. iii. 96, retreat; 1 Hen. IV. II. iii. 52.
- Rights* (*rites*), IV. viii. 131, ceremonies.
- Rivage*, III. Pro. 16, banks, shore.
- Road* (*road*), I. ii. 143, raids, in-road.
- Roan* (*Rouen*), III. v. 56, one syllable, *rone*; the city of Rouen.
- Robustious*, III. vii. 154, sturdy, noisy; Ham., III. ii. 10.
- Rode*, IV. iii. 5, ridden; Sh. used 'rode' or 'rid' as the participle in active compound tenses.
- Roping*, III. v. 25, IV. ii. 56, running or hanging in strings.
- Round*, IV. i. 208, blunt, plain-spoken.
- Royaltie* (*Royalty*), III. Pro. 7, majesty.
- Rubbe* (*rub*), II. ii. 191, V. ii. 37, obstacle, a bowling term; John, III. iv. 133.
- Rymme* (*rim*), IV. iv. 15, midriff, diaphragm.

HENRY THE FIFT

- Sad-ey'd (eyed)*, I. ii. 207, grave-looking.
- Salisbury*, IV. iii. 16, 61, three syllables, *Sauls-ber-ry*, the last two sometimes run together.
- Sand*, IV. i. 105, sand-bank, shoal.
- Satisfaction*, I. ii. 93, conviction.
- Savage*, III. v. 9, uncultivated.
- Savagery*, V. ii. 51, wild growth.
- 'Sblud (sblood)*, IV. viii. 12, corruption of 'God's blood,' an oath.
- Scaffold*, I. Pro. 11, stage.
- Scambling*, I. i. 7, turbulent; Much Ado, V. i. 105; *skambling*, V. ii. 209, struggling; John, IV. iii. 157.
- Scauld (scald)*, V. i. 6, diseased.
- Sceance*, III. vi. 71, earthwork.
- Seat*, I. i. 96, ii. 277, throne; *seats*, III. v. 49, estates.
- Security*, II. ii. 47, unwise sense of security; Rich. II, III. ii. 31.
- Selfe (self)*, I. i. 4, very same; Rich. II, I. ii. 25.
- Set*, II. Pro. 35, set out.
- Severalls (severals)*, I. i. 94, details.
- Shales*, IV. ii. 25, shells, skins.
- Shall*, I. ii. 271, that shall; the relative is often omitted.
- Shee (she)*, II. i. 74, woman; As You, III. ii. 12.
- Shewes (shows)*, I. ii. 77, appearance.
- Shewes*, IV. i. 111, looks, appears.
- Shogge (shog) off*, II. i. 45, jog on, move on.
- Skrewdly*, III. vii. 52, viciously.
- Signall (signal)*, V. Pro. 23, symbol of victory.
- Signes (signs)*, II. ii. 195, standards.
- Silken*, II. Pro. 3, effeminate.
- Sinfully*, IV. i. 153, in a state of sin.
- Sinister*, II. iv. 95, stress on second syllable; wrongful.
- Sker (skirr)*, IV. vii. 63, move rapidly.
- Slanders*, III. vi. 79, slanderers, disgracers; Rich. II, I. i. 118.
- Slips*, III. i. 34, leash.
- Slobbery (slobbery)*, III. v. 15, muddy, foul.
- Slovenrie (slovenry)*, IV. iii. 125, dirty and dishevelled condition; cf. *slovenly*, 1 Hen. IV, I. iii. 48.
- Smooth*, V. ii. 294, bland, gentle.
- Snatchers*, I. ii. 148, pillagers.
- So*, I. ii. 131, indeed, emphatic.
- Sodden*, III. v. 20, boiled.
- Sonuanee (sonance)*, IV. ii. 42, set of notes.
- Sooth*, III. vi. 144, truth.
- Sorts*, I. ii. 195, *sort*, IV. xii. 144, rank; V. Pro. 27, sty...
- Soule (soul) of adoration*, IV. 252, essence that is adored.
- Sovereigne (sovereign)*, II. iv. 79, three syllables.
- Speculation*, IV. ii. 38, five syllables; observation.
- Spend their mouths*, II. iv. 78, waste breath in barking, a hugging term.
- Spiritualtie (spirituality)*, I. ii. 137, main stress on first syllable; clergy.
- Spittle (spital)*, II. i. 71, hospital.
- Sprayes (sprays)*, III. v. 7, branches.
- Squares*, IV. ii. 35, squadrons; Ant. & Cleo., III. xi. 43.
- Stands off*, II. ii. 106, stands out.
- Starts*, Epil. 5, detached pictures.
- Starred*, IV. ii. 23, two syllables.
- Steered*, II. ii. 39, two syllables.
- Sternage*, III. Pro. 20, stern of.
- Still*, I. ii. 150, always.
- Stilly*, IV. Pro. 7, softly; cf. *still*, Mids. Night Dr., IV. i. 93.
- Stood on*, V. ii. 99, insisted on.
- Stoupe (stoop)*, IV. i. 114, come down, a fowling term.
- Straight*, II. ii. 194, straightway.
- Straine (strain)*, II. iv. 57, stuck, race.
- Strait strossers*, III. vii. 57, close-fitting trousers.
- Strucke (struck)*, II. iv. 60, fought.
- Subscribed*, V. ii. 343, signed.
- Succours*, III. iii. 47, reinforcements.
- Sufferance*, II. ii. 49, *his sufferance*, his being allowed to go free; 162, suffering the penalty.
- Suggest*, II. ii. 117, tempt, seduce; Oth., II. iii. 369.
- Sum-lesse (sumless)*, I. ii. 170, inestimable.
- Sur-reyn'd (sur-reined)*, III. v. 21, over-ridden, exhausted.
- Swashers*, III. ii. 28, bullies.

GLOSSARY

Swill'd (swilled), III. i. 17, washed over or away (?).

Sworne (sworn) brothers, II. i. 12, companions pledged to mutual defence; 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 8, a Hen. IV. III. ii. 317.

Synh (scious), III. v. 9, slips, grafts.

Sympathise, III. vii. 153, agree with, resemble.

Take, II. i. 50, take fire; IV. i. 225, find, catch.

Tall, II. i. 66, valiant, stout; 2 Hen. IV. III. ii. 65.

Tartar, II. ii. 126, Tartarus, hell.

Taste, II. ii. 53, experience.

Taste, IV. vii. 67, feel, experience.

Teemes (teems), V. ii. 55, brings forth.

Temper'd (tempered), II. ii. 121, influenced.

Tender, II. ii. 178, look out for; Rich. II. i. i. 37.

Tenures (tenours), V. ii. 76, purport, contents.

Thanked, II. ii. 161, two syllables.

That, I. i. 53, so I. that; II. 182, V. Pro. 19, II. 38, superfluous after 'while,' 'where,' 'why'; a conjunctive affix.

Theorique, I. i. 58, theory.

Thraden, III. Pro. 12, woven of threads.

Tiddle tattle (taddle), IV. i. 76, tittle-tattle, nonsense.

To, II. i. 12, against; II. iv. 113, superfluous before the infinitive depending on *bids*, cf. *deliver*; III. Pro. 32, vii. 62, 24, for.

Treasuries, I. ii. 170, treasures.

Trojan, V. i. 33, coward, thief; 1 Hen. IV. II. i. 73.

Troth-plight, II. i. 19, betrothed.

Trumpet, IV. ii. 70, trumpeter; 1 Hen. IV. V. i. 9.

Tucket, IV. ii. 42, a certain succession of notes on the trumpet.

Tway, III. ii. 118, twain, two.

Tyke, II. i. 30, cur.

Umber'd (umbered), IV. Pro. 11, darkened.

Unable, Epil. 2, weak, unequal to its task.

Uncoynd (uncoined), V. ii. 160, of intrinsic value only.

Uncurb'd, I. ii. 250, three syllables.

Undid, V. ii. 140, would undo, ruin; indicative for conditional.

Unfurnisht (unfurnished), I. ii. 153, unprotected.

Unprovided, IV. i. 178, unprepared.

Unpruned, V. ii. 46, three syllables.

Unrayed (unraised), I. Pro. 10, three syllables; unaspiring.

Untempering, V. ii. 229, not softening.

Upon, I. i. 84, in the name of, or at; IV. i. 21, by; 144, about.

Up-reared, I. Pro. 22, three syllables.

Urne (urn), I. ii. 233, grave.

Valiant, IV. i. 50, three syllables, ending a line that begins: *Of parents good*; IV. vii. 185, three syllables.

Vantage, III. vi. 145, of *vantage*, having the advantage.

Vaultages, II. iv. 135, caverns.

Vaward, IV. iii. 144, vanguard; Cor., I. vi. 66.

Venter (venture), I. ii. 197, risk.

V'gil, IV. iii. 53, eve of a festival.

V'olation, III. iii. 22, five syllables.

Voyce (voice), II. ii. 116, vote.

Voyde (void), IV. vii. 61, leave.

Vulgar, IV. vii. 82, common soldiers.

Warre proffe (war-proof), III. i. 21, valor tested in war.

Wastefull (wasteful), I. ii. 291, wasting, destroying.

Watchfull (watchful) fires, IV. Pro. 25, watch-fires.

Well-foughten, IV. vi. 20, elsewhere the participle is *fought*.

What, IV. iii. 26, who; *what though*, II. i. 8, what of that?

Wherefore, V. ii. 5, on account of which, for which.

Wheresoever, II. iii. 8, wherever.

Wh'ich, I. ii. 72, who.

Whiffler, V. Pro. 14, piper at the head of a procession.

While, IV. vii. 8, time, present.

Whiles, I. ii. 113, III. iii. 30, 31, commonly used for *while*.

HENRY THE FIFT

White-liver'd (*livered*), III. ii. 31, cowardly.

Wide-stretched, II. iv. 92, three syllables.

Wight, II. i. 58, person; Mer. Wives, I. iii. 21.

Willing, II. iv. 100, wishing; 'to' is omitted with the dependent infinitive.

Winged, II. Pro. 8, V. Pro. 10, two syllables.

Winke (*wink*), II. i. 7. V. ii. 307, 313, shut the eyes; *winking*, III. vii. 148, with the eyes shut, blindly.

With, III. Pro. 13, i. 17, IV. i. 205¹, by.

Withall (*withal*), III. v. 4, used

for 'with' when the object does not follow.

Wombie (*womby*), I. iv. 135, hollow, capacious.

World (*word*), II. iii. 48, motto.

Worshipt (*worshipped*), I. i. 238, honored.

Wots, IV. i. 289, is aware.

Would, II. Pro. 19, would have.

Wringing, IV. i. 242, suffering agony.

Yernes (*yearns*), IV. iii. 34, grieves; see *erne*, II. iii. 4.

Yerke (*yerk*), IV. vii. 85, jerk, kick.

You, III. vi. 70, ethical dative. ⁶

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE .SIXT

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- Accidents*, V. iii. 5, happenings, events, Temp., V. i. 359.
- Accomplices*, V. ii. 14, companions in arms; not in a bad sense.
- Accursed*, V. iv. 95, three syllables.
- Admonishments*, II. v. 101, instructions
- Adonis*, I. vi. 8, *Ad-dō-nis*.
- Advance*, I. vi. 3, raise; Hen. V, II. ii. 195.
- Advantage*, II. v. 132, occasion, opportunity; 2 Hen. VI, I. i. 254.
- Affects*, V. v. 61, inclines to, loves; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 390.
- Agaz'd (agazed) on*, I. i. 138, aghast at.
- All*, III. ii. 150, adverb; Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 40.
- Alliance*, II. v. 56, relationship, the sign of the possessive is regularly omitted before 'sake.'
- Amort*, III. ii. 150, dejected; Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 40.
- Antique (antic)*, IV. vii. 21, stress on first syllable; buffoon; Hen. V, III. iii. 30.
- Apparant (apparent)*, II. i. 5, IV. ii. 29, v. 45, plain, easily seen.
- Apprehension*, II. iv. 108, five syllables; opinion.
- Argue*, II. v. 9, V. ii. 10, iv. 16, show, indicate.
- Argument*, V. i. 50, token, evidence.
- Armes (arms)*, I. i. 90, coat of arms; 2 Hen. VI, I. i. 218.
- As*, III. i. 20, V. iv. 117, v. 46, that.
- Aspect*, II. iii. 22, stress on second syllable, as usual.
- Astru's*, I. vi. 6, *As-trūy-a's*.
- Attached*, II. iv. 102, three syllables; arrested; Hen. VIII, I. i. 270.
- Attaint*, V. v. 85, tainted, stained.
- Attainted*, II. iv. 93, 102, disgraced by proof of guilt.
- Banning*, V. iii. 50, cursing; 2 Hen. VI, III. ii. 345.
- Beard*, I. iii. 52, defy.
- Bearing cloth*, I. iii. 50, christening-robe or mantle; Wint. Tale, III. iii. 120.
- Beeves*, I. ii. 12, cattle for food.
- Benefit*, V. iv. 155, a grant by favor, a legal term.
- Bestow*, III. ii. 105, lodge, find place for; Oth., III. i. 60.
- Betrayed*, three syllables, III. ii. 98.
- Bewray'd (bewrayed)*, IV. i. 114, betrayed.
- Bishop*, III. i. 90, possessive, like Duke of Gloster's, with sign omitted.
- Blew (blew) coats*, I. iii. 56, livery of servants.
- Blood*, IV. ii. 52, in vigorous condition, a technical term of hunting.
- Boat*, IV. vi. 55, use, profit; Rich. II, I. i. 171.
- Bought and sold*, IV. iv. 14, betrayed; John. V, iv. 14.
- Bow*, IV. v. 30, yield, bend; III. vi. 62[8].
- Brav'd (braved)*, II. iv. 122, defied.
- Breake (break)*, I. iii. 93, disclose; Hen. V, V. ii. 250; *breake up*, I. ii. 14, break open; 2 Hen. VI, I. iv. 21.

FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

- Breed*, III. i. 213, propagate itself, intransitive use; *Meas.* for *Meas.*, II. ii. 171.
- Broach*, III. iv. 48, set flowing, tap.
- Brutish*, II. iii. 77, rumored, noised abroad; 2 *Hen.* IV, I. i. 130.
- Buckle*, I. ii. 106, IV. iv. 6, join battle.
- Burdeaux* (*Bordeaux*), IV. ii. 2, 3, iii. 6, *etc.*, stress on first syllable, *Bur'-do*.
- Canker*, II. iv. 73, worm; *Mids.* *Nights Dr.*, II. ii. 4.
- Canvass* (*cantrass*), I. ii. 44, toss, as in a sheet; 2 *Hen.* IV, II. iv. 218.
- Cap*, V. i. 37, cardinal's hat.
- Captive*, II, iii. 47, V. iii. 120, captive.
- Card*, V. iii. 97, discouragement; perhaps from *carduus*, thistle; see *Much Ado*, III. iv. 69.
- Cates*, II. iii. 88, delicacies; 1 *Hen.* IV, III. i. 176.
- Censure*, II. iii. 11, judgment; 2 *Hen.* VI, I. iii. 124.
- Censure*, V. v. 101, judge; *Cor.*, II. i. 25.
- Challenge*, V. iv. 156, claim.
- Charge*, V. v. 96, expenditure, cost; *Hen.* VIII, I. i. 95.
- Chased*, I. ii. 128, two syllables.
- Chastise*, I. iv. 118, stress on first syllable, also *chastisement*, IV. i. 74.
- Cheer* (*cheer*), I. ii. 57, countenance; *Mer. of Ven.*, III. ii. 330.
- Circumstance*, I. i. 121, details; 2 *Hen.* VI, II. i. 89.
- Coat*, I. i. 91, v. 38, coat-of-arms.
- Cognizance*, II. iv. 114, badge.
- Coloured*, IV. ii. 40, three syllables.
- Cordelions*, III. ii. 99, *Cor-dee-leon's*.
- Couched*, III. ii. 160, two syllable, set at rest.
- Collof*, V. iv. 109, morsel, slice; *Wint. Tale*, I. ii. 166.
- Colour*, II. iv. 38, pretext; 2 *Hen.* VI, III. i. 247.
- Commandement* (*commandment*), I. iii. 24, four syllables; command; 2 *Hen.* IV, V. iii. 132.
- Commendable*, IV. vi. 60, main stress on first syllable.
- Comparison*, V. iv. 153, external advantages; *Ant. & Cleo.*, III. xiii. 31.
- Compleat* (*complete*), I. iii. 31, stress on first syllable, as regularly when preceding the noun; *Rich.* III, IV. iv. 201.
- Conceits* (*conceits*), IV. i. 109, invention; V. v. 18, mind.
- Confounds*, V. iii. 84, that it confounds.
- Conquered*, I. i. 24, V. iv. 112, three syllables.
- Consented*, I. i. 13, conspired, agreed among themselves; *Oth.*, V. ii. 364.
- Contrary*, III. i. 93, stress on second syllable.
- Convenient*, II. iv. 7, four syllables.
- Conveyance*, I. ii. 3, trickery, dishonesty; 3 *Hen.* VI, III. iii. 181.
- Cornets*, IV. iii. 28, cavalry.
- Corrosive*, III. iii. 5, stress on first syllable; giving pain.
- Court of guard*, II. i. 6, main guard station; *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. ix. 3, *Oth.* II. i. 251.
- Crasie* (*crazy*), III. ii. 106, weak, decrepit.
- Crestlesse* (*crestless*), II. iv. 91, not having the right to use armorial bearings.
- Crowned*, I. i. 101, two syllables.
- Crystall* (*crystal*), I. i. 11, shining.
- Cunning*, III. iii. 12, skill.
- Damned*, III. ii. 46, two syllables.
- Darnell* (*darnel*), III. iii. 56, a weed, rye-grass.
- Dearest*, III. iv. 48, most precious.
- Deepe* (*deep*), III. i. 5, deeply; adverb or part of compound participle with 'premediated.'
- Deigned*, I. ii. 89, two syllables.
- Despised*, II. v. 39, three syllables.
- Dew* (*due*), IV. ii. 37, endure.
- Determin'd* (*determined*), IV. v. 12, set as a limit; *Rich.* III, V. i. 22.
- Devise on*, I. ii. 139, scheme about.

GLOSSARY

Diffidence, III. iii. 12, distrust; John, I. i. 73.
Digest, IV. i. 76, vent.
Disble, V. iii. 80, disparage; Mer. of Ven., II. vii. 32.
Discover, II. v. 62, V. iv. 61, tell, reveal; Hen. VIII, V. iii. 86.
Discover, IV. iii. 8, four syllables.
Disease, II. v. 47, cause of uneasiness.
Disgraced, III. i. 113, three syllables.
Dismay, III. iii. 3, be dismayed.
Dispersed, I. ii. 153, three syllables.
Distrayn'd (distrained), I. iii. 74, seized; a legal term; Rich. II, I. iii. 140.
Distress (distressed), IV. iii. 33, stress on first syllable.
Dolphin, I. i. 103, 149, etc., dauphin, heir apparent of France.
Drooping, IV. v. 6, fit for feeble person.
Drowned, I. i. 15, two syllables.

Effus'd (effused), V. iv. 53, poured out.
Emulation, IV. iv. 22, contention.
Endamage (endamage), II. i. 90, injure.
Enclosed, I. i. 149, three syllables.
Enfeebled, I. iv. 77, four syllables, *en-fee-ble-ed*.
Enranke (enrank), I. i. 127, range in ranks.
Entertain (entertain), V. iv. 179, maintain; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 99.
Envy, IV. i. 201, hatred, emnity.
Espials (espials), I. iv. 10, spies.
Established, V. iii. 105, four syllables.
Excursion, III. ii. 43, sally.
Execution, V. iv. 51, five syllables.
Exempt, II. iv. 99, excluded, cut off; As You, II. i. 18.
Exequies, III. ii. 150, three syllables, stress on the first; funeral rites.
Exigent, II. v. 11, close, end.
Expuls'd (expulsed), III. iii. 27, expelled.
Extirped, III. iii. 26, three syllables; driven out completely.
Extremes (extremes), IV. i. 42, extreme dangers.

Face, V. iii. 161, lie with effrontery, cf. Errors, III. i. 9.
Fact, IV. i. 34, deed, crime; 2 Hen. VI, I. iii. 185.
Fained, III. i. 209, two syllables.
Familiar, III. ii. 148, attendant spirit; 2 Hen. VI, IV. vii. 108.
Fancy, V. iii. 104, love; Oth., III. iv. 76.
Feature, V. v. 72, external appearance; John, II. i. 133.
Fixed, II. v. 105, two syllables.
Flesh, IV. vii. 41, dip in blood for the first time; 1 Hen. IV, V. iv. 140.
Flower-de-luces, I. i. 90, fleur-de-lys, emblem of French monarchs.
Fond, II. iii. 51, deluded.
Foot-boys (boys), III. ii. 85, lackeys.
For that, V. v. 84, because.
Forged, IV. i. 109, two syllables; counterfeit, false.
Forlorn (forlorn), I. ii. 22, stress on first syllable; III. iii. 34, stress on second syllable; used substantively, a ruined man.
Forth, I. ii. 63, forth from, out of.
Fortune, IV. iv. 41, fate.
From, V. v. 104, away from; 2 Hen. VI, III. ii. 422.
Gather, II. v. 99, to gather, the sign of the infinitive being omitted after 'wish.'
Giglot, IV. vii. 46, wanton; Cymb., III. i. 38.
Gimmors, I. ii. 48, stress on first syllable; clockwork.
Glikes (gleeks), III. ii. 149, scoffings; Rom. & Jul., IV. v. 117.
Glocester (Gloster), III. i. 54, two syllables.
Glosse (gloss), IV. i. 110, specious appearance.
Gloster, I. iii. 5, 7, 94, three syllables, as if spelled *Glon-ces-ter*.
Goliasses (Goliases), I. ii. 30, four syllables, stress on the second, *Go-li'-ass-es*, Goliaths.
Graced, V. i. 6, two syllables.
Graceless (graceless), V. iii. 15, graceless one, profligate.
Grave, V. i. 58, dignified.
Grisly, I. iv. 52, grim, forbidding.

FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Guardant, IV. vii. 11, guard, sentinel.

Gyrd (*gird*), III. i. 147, rebuke.

Gyrt (*gird*), III. i. 188, gird.

Hale, I. i. 161, V. iv. 65, drag; *haled*, II. v. 5, two syllables, dragged.

Haughtie (*haughty*), II. v. 82, adventurous.

Have with thee, II. iv. 120, I will go with thee; As You, I. ii. 255.

Head, I. iv. 111, an armed force; 2 Hen. VI. IV. v. 12.

Heavens, I. i. 9, upper part of the stage in a theatre.

Hecate, III. ii. 80, three syllables, stress on the first, *Hec'-a-tee*; elsewhere in Sh. two syllables; goddess of discord.

His, I. ii. 4, III. ii. 149, IV. vi. 6, used instead of the possessive ending with names closing in an 's' sound; I. i. 18, its, an old form; 38, of him, objective genitive with 'sight.'

I (*ay*), III. i. 48, iii. 61, V. i. 14, iii. 83, iv. 55, yes, verily.

Icarus, IV. vi. 58, vii. 18, *Ik'-ak-rus*.

If, II. iv. 8, whether.

Immanity, V. i. 16, ferocity.

Impatience, IV. vii. 10, four syllables.

Incompassed, I. i. 126, four syllables; surrounded.

Inconvenience, I. iv. 16, five syllables, *in-con-ven-i-ence*.

Informed, V. iv. 121, three syllables.

Inhered (*enhearsed*), IV. vii. 50, three syllables.

Inke-horne (*inkhorn*) *mate*, III. i. 113, bookish man.

Inspired, I. ii. 156, 157, three syllables.

Insulting, I. ii. 154, IV. vii. 22, V. iv. 150, exulting.

Intermissive, I. i. 98, ceasing for a time.

Invoke, I. i. 61, invoke; Rich. III. I. ii. 11.

Irkas (*irks*), I. iv. 117, distresses; 3 Hen. VI. II. ii. 9.

Joynd (*joined*), V. v. 72, two syllables.

Jugling (*juggling*), II. iv. 69, three syllables, *jug-gle-ing*.

Joane de Puzel, I. vi. 5, etc. *Joneduk-Puzel*, with *J* soft.

Kindly, III. i. 147, appropriate.

Laboured, II. v. 83, three syllables.

Latter, II. v. 41, last; Hen. V. IV. i. 142.

Lift, I. i. 24, old form for lifted, imperfect tense.

Like, IV. vi. 51, make like.

Linstock, I. iv. 62, gunner's match stick; Hen. V. III. Pro. 35.

Lither, IV. vii. 24, yielding.

Laden, II. i. 96, laden; 1 Hen. IV. I. i. 41.

Long of, IV. iii. 36, because of; 3 Hen. VI. IV. vii. 41.

Loose (*lose*), III. i. 218, time of two syllables.

Lowly, III. iii. 56, lying low.

Lowled, IV. iii. 15, mocked.

Lye (*lie*), III. ii. 155, II. ii. 43, live, lives.

Macheville (*Machiavel*), V. iv. 75, wily statesman.

Mahomet, I. ii. 156, stress on first syllable, *Ma'-ho-met*.

Mallie (*malice*), III. i. 144, IV. i. 115, hate, ill-will.

Margaret, V. iii. 95, two syllables, 101, three syllables.

Marriage, V. v. 59, three syllables.

Marry, II. iii. 34, V. i. 14, originally an oath in the name of the Virgin, then a mild form of asseveration.

Meane (*mean*), I. ii. 136, moderation; III. ii. 13, means.

Maz'd (*mazed*), IV. ii. 51, bewildered; Hen. VIII. II. iv. 221.

Merchant, II. iii. 64, used contemptuously; Rom. & Jul. II. iv. 139.

Method (*method*), III. i. 17, design.

Mickle, IV. vi. 38, great; 2 Hen. VI. V. i. 185.

Miscarry, IV. iii. 18, perish; 2 Hen. VI. IV. viii. 52.

GLOSSARY

- Misconceiv'd* (*misconceived*), V. iv. 50, four syllables; misjudging one.
- Misconster*, II. iii. 82, stress on second syllable.
- Misery*, V. iii. 8, wretch.
- Mortality* (*mortality*), IV. v. 33, death.
- Most*, IV. i. 42, greatest: really used as an adverb modifying the adjective force of *extremes*.
- Motion*, V. i. 10, proposal.
- Mouth*, II. iv. 16, sound, voice.
- Muleters*, III. ii. 4, stress on first syllable; mule-drivers.
- Munition*, I. i. 180, four syllables; ammunition.
- Muttered*, I. i. 80, three syllables.
- Neglect*, IV. iii. 52, carelessness.
- Nephew*, II. v. 53, cousin; Tro. & Cres. I. i. 18.
- Noble*, V. iv. 24, gold coin worth six shillings eightpence.
- Nourish*, I. i. 59, nourishment.
- Objected*, II. iv. 47, proposed, interposed.
- Of-subdued*, I. v. 42, four syllables.
- Opinions*, I. iv. 70, four syllables.
- Or* (*of*), I. vi. 25, *or*; *or else*, II. iv. 9, *or* in other words.
- Ordained* (*ordained*), I. ii. 62, three syllables.
- Order*, III. ii. 152, *take order*, make arrangements; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 285.
- Ordnance*, I. iv. 17, small cannon.
- O're* (*over*), I. ii. 140, two syllables.
- Orleance* (*Orleans*), I. ii. 140, iv. 65, three syllables, stress on first; the second and third syllables sometimes slurred together, as in I. ii. 165.
- Otherwhiles*, I. ii. 10, at other times.
- Out of hand*, III. ii. 119, immediately.
- Over-ferre* (*overferr*), I. iv. 22, look down on; 3 Hen. VI, V. i. 17.
- Overgne* (*Auvergne*), II. ii. 40, two syllables, stress on the second.
- Packing*, IV. i. 50, making off; Cymb., III. v. 101.
- Partaken*, II. iv. 106, confederate.
- Partie* (*party*), II. iv. 36, side in a quarrel.
- Patronage*, III. i. 53, protect, give countenance to.
- Pecvish*, II. iv. 81, silly, childish.
- Periapts*, V. iii. 3, amulets.
- Period*, IV. ii. 20, end.
- Peruse*, IV. ii. 47, survey; 2 Hen. IV, IV. ii. 103.
- Piel'd* (*peeled*), I. iii. 37, shaven.
- Pitch*, II. iii. 64, height.
- Pitch*, III. i. 107, set, arrange a battlefield.
- Pitched*, I. i. 130, two syllables.
- Plantagin* (*Plantagenet*), I. iv. 104, II. iv. 40, *etc.*, stress on second syllable.
- Plat-formes* (*platforms*), II. i. 90, schemes.
- Plumed*, V. iii. 31, two syllables.
- Poste* (*post*), V. v. 91, hasten.
- Practisants*, III. ii. 25, confederates.
- Practise*, II. i. 31, plot.
- Prefer'd* (*preferred*), III. i. 14, presented.
- Present*, III. iv. 47, instant.
- Presently*, I. ii. 166, immediately.
- Pretend*, IV. i. 59, portend.
- Priviledged* (*privileged*), I. iii. 54, four syllables.
- Prevented*, IV. i. 76, anticipated.
- Proditor*, I. iii. 39, traitor.
- Promised*, IV. iii. 12, V. i. 56, three syllables.
- Proper*, V. iii. 45, handsome.
- Pursuivants*, II. v. 7, forerunners.
- Pussel* (*puzzle*), I. v. 119, drab.
- Pyramis*, I. vi. 24, pyramid.
- Queint* (*quaint*), IV. i. 109, artful; 2 Hen. VI, III. ii. 298.
- Quillets*, II. iv. 21, subtleties.
- Quitance*, II. i. 19, requite.
- Raging*, IV. vii. 40, raving.
- Rascall* (*rascal*)-like, IV. ii. 53, like poor lean deer.
- Recovered*, III. iii. 4, four syllables.
- Reguerdon*, III. i. 187, recompense, reward.
- Remisse* (*remiss*), IV. iii. 32, stress on first syllable.
- Remorse*, V. iv. 99, pity.

FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

- Renowned*, IV. iii. 14, iv. 25, v. 42, three syllables.
- Refugne (refugn)*, IV. i. 101, resist, oppose.
- Resolve on*, I. ii. 102, be sure of.
- Resolved*, III. iv. 24, three syllables; convinced; 3 Hen. VI, II. i. 11.
- Restored*, II. v. 131, III. i. 176-77, three syllables.
- Rests*, II. i. 88, remains.
- Reynold Reigneir, Reignard (Reignier)*, I. i. 105, ii. 70, IV. iv. 28, V. iii. 147, 168, etc., stress on first syllable, *Ráy-nyeer, Ráy-nyar*.
- Rheimes (Rheims)*, I. i. 70, perhaps two syllables; 103, one syllable.
- Ruin (Rouen)*, I. i. 75, two syllables; III. ii. 10, 34, 150, 159, etc., one syllable.
- Rough*, V. iii. 84, not sharp.
- Ryve (rive)*, IV. ii. 32, discharge.
- Salisbury*, I. i. 171, ii. 19, etc., three syllables, the *i* being slurred, *Sauls-ber-ry*.
- Secure*, II. i. 16, unsuspecting.
- Severe*, V. iv. 116, stress on first syllable.
- Shot*, I. iv. 58, marksmen; Hen. VIII, V. iv. 53.
- Significants*, II. iv. 30, signs.
- Sirrha (sirrah)*, III. i. 60, address used familiarly or to inferior.
- Smoothed*, III. i. 140, two syllables.
- Solicite (solicit)*, V. iii. 210, rouse; Rich. II, I. ii. 4.
- Sort*, II. iii. 29, choose.
- Soueraigne (sovereign)*, IV. i. 5, three syllables.
- Spirit*, II. iii. 20, one syllable.
- Spleene (spleen)*, IV. v. 14, fire.
- Stand*, I. i. 135, withstand.
- Steeled*, I. i. 95, two syllables, coat of armor.
- Sterne (stern)*, I. i. 190, helm, seat of authority.
- Still*, I. iii. 76, continually.
- Stomacks (stomachs)*, I. iii. 103, resentment.
- Subscribe*, II. iv. 48, submit.
- Supply*, I. i. 171, IV. iii. 12, reinforcements; 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. 266.
- Supreme*, I. iii. 70, stress on first syllable.
- Swift-winged*, II. v. 17, three syllables.
- Taint*, V. iii. 203, touched; ~~2 Hen. VI~~, taint, V. v. 85.
- Take*, III. ii. 152, *take order*, make arrangement; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 127.
- Tendring*, IV. vii. 12, caring for; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 288.
- That*, I. iii. 32, redundant after 'if', III. ii. 10, to repeat less definitely the 'if' of I. 9; III. ii. 48, so that.
- Timelesse (timeless)*, V. iv. 6, untimely; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 202.
- To*, III. ii. 30, compared to.
- Toy*, IV. i. 154, trifle.
- Traffike (traffic)*, V. iii. 184, a transaction.
- Trayn'd (trained)*, II. iii. 40, lured.
- Triumph*, V. v. 34, tournament.
- Umpire of*, II. v. 30, one who ends.
- Unable*, IV. iv. 5, impotent.
- Unaccustom'd (unaccustomed)*, III. i. 107, extraordinary.
- Unavoyded (unavoided)*, IV. v. 9, unavoidable.
- Unawares*, III. ii. 47, unseen, by surprise.
- Unkinde (unkind)*, IV. i. 204, unnatural.
- Unready*, II. i. 49, undressed.
- Vale (vail)*, V. iii. 31, lower; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 32.
- Vantage*, IV. v. 29, gain, advantage.
- Vanward (vaward)*, I. i. 144, front line.
- Vocation*, I. ii. 91, four syllables.
- Wallon (Walloon)*, I. i. 140, stress on second syllable; a Fleming.
- Warrantize*, I. ii. 14, surety.
- W'ening*, II. v. 91, expecting.
- W'ere, etc.*, V. iii. 96, it would be best for me; the verb was originally impersonal, with the pronoun in the dative.

GLOSSARY

<i>Will'd</i> (<i>willed</i>), I. ii. 11, 12, com- mended.	<i>Writhled</i> , II. iii. 25, dried up.
<i>W'ingit</i> , II. v. 18, 18. vii. 24, two syllables.	<i>Y'eld</i> (<i>yield</i>), II. iv. 46, admit, grant.
<i>W'itting</i> , II. v. 18, knowing.	<i>Y'ere</i> (<i>year</i>), I. iii. 104, the singu- lar regularly used with words of measure after a numeral.
<i>W'ood</i> , IV. vii. 40, mad.	<i>Your</i> , IV. v. 23, combining subjec- tive and objective genitive, the loss of you.
<i>W'ooden</i> (<i>wooden</i>), V. iii. 102, crazy, of wood, IV. vii. 40.	
<i>W'orthless</i> (<i>worthless</i>), IV. iv. 22, unworthy.	
<i>W'ot</i> , IV. vi. 35, know.	

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXT

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- A*, I. iii. 9, he; II. iii. 60, in.
Abortive, IV. i. 61, unnatural.
Abrooke (*shbrook*), II. iv. 13, endure
Accomp't, IV. ii. 86, accounts.
Accuse, III. i. 169, accusation
Acte, (*act*), V. i. 109, enact.
Adresse (*address*) *thee*, V. ii. 31, prepare thyself; Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 21.
Ad sum (*adsum*), I. iv. 30, Latin for 'I am present.'
Advance, IV. i. 99, raise; 1 Hen. VI, I vi. 3.
Adventure, III. ii. 376, take the risk.
Advertised, IV. ix. 29, four syllables, main stress on the second; informed; 3 Hen., VI, II. i. 124.
Advise, II. ii. 76, deliberation; John, III. iv. 13.
Advised, II. iv. 44, three syllables; cautious.
Afear'd (*afear'd*), II. iv. 101, afraid, 1 Hen. VI, IV. vii. 100.
Affected, IV. vii. 99, striven for.
Affiance, III. i. 77, stress on second syllable, *af-fi-ance*; confidence.
Affliction, III. ii. 326, four syllables.
Affye (*affy*), IV. i. 81, stress on second syllable; ally, betrothe.
Aio te, etc., I. iv. 73; Latin for 'I say the son of Æacus the Romans can conquer.'
Alder licest, I. i. 35, most highly beloved.
- Althæa*, I. i. 246, stress on second syllable; *Al-thæ-a*.
Amaine (*amain*), III. i. 282, V. i. 120, with all speed.
Ambition, III. i. 152, four syllables.
An, III. ii. 344, on.
And (*an*), I. iii. 201, II. i. 11, *an*, V i 77, if.
Appiyed (*applied*), III. ii. 432, three syllables.
Approv'd (*approved*) III. ii. 27, proved; 1 Hen. VI, V. v. 73.
Arko, IV. ii. 30, *ergo*, therefore.
Argues, III. iii. 33, indicates, shows; 1 Hen. VI, II. v. 9.
Argument, I. ii. 34, III. i. 252, evidence, proof.
Armes (*arms*), IV. i. 44, coat-of-arms; 1 Hen. VI, I. i. 90.
As, I. i. 110, as it; II. iv. 53, IV. ix. 54, that.
At once, III. i. 69, in a word.
Attainted, II. iv. 67, found guilty of treason; 1 Hen. VI, II. iv. 98, 102.
Attainture, I. ii. 110, conviction of treason.
Aukward, III. ii. 94, adverse.
Avoid (*avoid*), I. iv. 49, begone; Temp., IV. i. 163.
- Bate* (*baif*), V. i. 158, worry, enrage, as with dogs; Tw. Night, III. i. 121.
Bandetto (*banditto*), IV. i. 136, outlaw.
Bandogs, I. iv. 20, watch dogs.

SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

- Banished*, III. ii. 376, 377, three syllables.
- Beard*, IV. x. 38, defy.
- Beat on*, II. i. 23, hammer on, are busy with.
- Because*, III. ii. 111, in order that.
- Bedlam*, III. i. 54; V. i. 140, crazy.
- Beldam*, I. iv. 54, old woman, used contemptuously.
- Berard* (*bear-ward*), V. i. 159, bear-keeper.
- Beshrew*, III. i. 193, evil to; a mild imprecation.
- Bestead* (*bested*), II. iii. 62, stress on second syllable; in a plight.
- Bestrid*, V. iii. 12, bestrode, stood over to defend.
- Bezonians* (*Bezonians*), IV. i. 135, beggar; 2 Hen. IV, V. iii. 106.
- Billes* (*bills*), IV. vii. 128, halberds, also credit; *Much Ado*, III. iii. 170.
- Bona terra, mala grn*, IV. vii. 57, Latin for 'a good land, a bad people.'
- Bones*, I. iii. 204, fingers.
- Booke* (*book*), IV. vii. 74, learning; Hen. VIII, I. i. 157.
- Boote* (*boot*), IV. i. 15, profit.
- Broake* (*break*) *up*, I. iv. 21, break open; 1 Hen. VI, I. ii. 14.
- Broker*, I. ii. 104, 105, agent, intermediary; 3 Hen. VI, IV. i. 75.
- Brooke* (*brook*), II. i. 3, water fowl.
- Brow*, V. iii. 6, appearance, air.
- Brown bill*, IV. x. 12, spear.
- Brush*, V. iii. 5, hurt, wear.
- Bucklers*, III. ii. 232, shields.
- Buckram*, IV. vii. 27, coarse linen stiffened with glue; 1 Hen. IV, I. ii. 170.
- Bucks* (*bucks*), IV. ii. 49, linen to be washed; cf. *Mer. Wives*, III. iii. 118, 128.
- Burgonet*, V. i. 211, helmet.
- But*, II. i. 124; IV. ix. 41, only, just.
- By*, II. i. 19, about; III. i. 254, according to.
- By and by*, II. i. 175, immediately.
- Cade*, IV. ii. 36, keg.
- Cage*, IV. ii. 53, jail.
- Callet* (*callet*), I. iii. 86, bad woman.
- Calme* (*calmed*), IV. ix. 40, becalmed.
- Canonized*, I. iii. 63, three syllables, stress on the second; *John*, III. iv. 58.
- Caske* (*cask*), III. ii. 438, casket, case.
- Cease*, V. ii. 50, silence, 5 p.; cf. *Tim. of Ath.*, II. i. 19.
- Censure*, I. iii. 124, opinion; 1 Hen. VI, II. iii. 11.
- Censure well*, III. i. 286, approve.
- Chafe*, III. ii. 254, warm.
- Chaps*, III. ii. 270, mouth.
- Character'd* (*character'd*), III. i. 312, stress on second syllable; written; *Two. Gen. of Ver.*, II. vii. 6.
- Charme* (*charm*), IV. i. 65, put a spell upon; *Tam. of Shr.*, I. i. 217.
- Charneco*, II. iii. 74, a sweet wine of Portugal.
- Check'd* (*checked*), I. ii. 55, reprov'd; 2 Hen. IV, I. ii. 179.
- Circuit*, III. ii. 367, circlet, coronet.
- Circumstance*, I. i. 112, statement of particulars.
- Cited*, III. ii. 306, urged; 3 Hen. VI, II. i. 37.
- Clapt* (*clapped*) *up*, I. iv. 62, shut up; *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. ii. 25.
- Clarkely* (*clerkly*), III. i. 138, in a scholarly manner.
- Cleape* (*clip*), IV. i. 8, embrace; *Oth.*, III. iii. 528.
- Close*, II. ii. 4, retired; iv. 82, secret.
- Clouted*, IV. ii. 187, hobnailed.
- Colour*, III. i. 247, pretext; 3 Hen. VI, IV. v. 13.
- Commandments* (*commandments*), I. iii. 151, slang for 'angers.'
- Commodities*, IV. vii. 127, merchandise; *Much Ado*, III. iii. 169.
- Common-weale* (*commonweal*), I. i. 197, iv. 55, commonwealth.
- Companion*, IV. x. 31, fellow; used in contempt.
- Complices*, V. i. 277, confederates; *Rich. II*, II. iii. 174.
- Complot*, III. i. 256, plot, scheme; *Rich. III*, III. i. 224.
- Condigne* (*condign*), III. i. 139, stress on first syllable because the next word is accented on the

GLOSSARY

Deserved; Love's Lab., I. ii. 26.
Condition, V. i. 69, estate, rank.
Conduct, II. iv. 23, conductor; Rich. II. IV. i. 159.
Conduit, IV. vi. 6, public drinking fountain.
Conjurations, I. ii. 103, incantations.
Consort (concert), III. ii. 353, set of musicians.
Controller, III. ii. 221, censurer, dictator.
Convenient, I. iv. 8, fitting.
Conventicles, III. i. 175, secret meetings.
Conversed, III. i. 383, three syllables; had intercourse.
Corosive (corrosive), III. ii. 431, stress on first syllable; painful application: cf. 1 Hen. VI, III. iii. 5.
Court hand, II. ii. 92, writing in legal style.
Courtship, I. iii. 57, courtly manner.
Crab-tree, III. ii. 230, sour wild apple.
Crowned, I. i. 101, two syllables.
Cry you mercy, I. iii. 148, beg your pardon; Meas. for Meas., IV. i. 13.
Cullions, I. iii. 43, wretches; Hen. V, III. ii. 20.
Curst, III. ii. 338, cutting.

Damned, IV. x. 78, two syllables.
Day, II. i. 4, time, space of time.
Deathfull (deathful), III. ii. 432, deadly.
Deaths-man, III. ii. 233, executioner.
Dedicate, V. ii. 42, dedicated, devoted; Meas. for Meas., II. ii. 183.
Deepe (deep)-fet, II. iv. 41, deep-drawn, fetched; cf. *firre-fet*, III. i. 305.
Demanding of, II. i. 213, asking about.
Demeane (demean), I. i. 196; iii. 110, conduct, conducted.
Denay'd (denayed), I. iii. 111, denied.
Depart, I. i. 9, departure; 3 Hen. VI, IV. i. 106.

Diamonds, III. ii. 118, three syllables.
Discharge, I. iii. 181, transfer.
Discomfite (discomfit), V. ii. 97, discouragement.
Dispense with, V. i. 192, get dispensation from.
Dis-pursed, III. i. 126, three syllables; paid out.
Doore Naille (doornail), IV. x. 40, boss on which a knocker strikes.
Doit (doit), III. i. 121, one twelfth of a penny.

Edict, III. ii. 281, stress on second syllable.
Effected, III. i. 179, proven, demonstrated.
Emblaze, IV. x. 72, emblazon, make signal.
Emptie (empty), III. i. 261, hungry; 3 Hen. VI, I. i. 301.
Entreat, II. iv. 91, treat; 3 Hen. VI, I. i. 304.
Envious, II. iv. 15, spiteful; III. i. 166, *envious load*, load of malice.
Eterniz'd (eternized), V. iii. 35, stress on second syllable; immortalized.
Excruciations, III. ii. 330, five syllables.
Exil'd (exiled), III. i. 155, stress on second syllable; banished from.
Exorcismes (exorcisms), I. iv. 5, charm for raising spirits.
Expedient, III. i. 300, speedy.

Fact, I. iii. 185, deed, crime; 1 Hen. VI, IV. i. 34.
Factions, II. i. 46, taking sides in a quarrel.
Familiar, IV. vii. 108, attendant spirit; 1 Hen. VI, III. ii. 148.
Farre (far)-fet, III. i. 305, far-fetched; cf. *deepe-fet*, II. iv. 41.
Favour, IV. vii. 69, lenity.
Fayne (fain), II. i. 10, fond.
Fearre (fear), I. i. 157, 170, III. i. 358, IV. iv. 27, used reflexively with no change of meaning.
Fearfull (fearful), III. i. 346, IV. iv. 5, IV. vii. 47, timid, cowardly.
Fee-simple, IV. x. 26, lands held in full ownership.
Felon, III. i. 141, felony.

SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Fence, II. i. 62, skill with the sword;
John, II. i. 307.

Fifteens, IV. vii. 23, tax of a fifteenth on property.

Flaw (*Flaw*), III. i. 369, burst of wind.

Fleur (*flower*)-*de-luce*, V. i. 13, fleur-de-lys, emblem of France.

Fond, III. i. 39, deluded.

Foot-cloth, IV. i. 55, very long housings for a riding-horse.

For, I. iii. 178, II. iii. 12, because.

Force perforce, I. i. 270, by very force; John, III. i. 150.

Forked, III. ii. 282, two syllables.

Forlorn (*forlorn*), II. iv. 53, III. ii. 88, IV. i. 66, stress on first syllable, because the first syllable of the next word is accented;

cf. condigne, III. i. 139.

Forth, III. ii. 100, forth from, out of; 1 Hen. VI. i. ii. 63.

Forth-coming (*coming*), I. iv. 65, II. i. 217, held for trial.

Fretful (*fretful*), III. ii. 431, gnawing.

From, III. ii. 422, away from.

Furniture, I. iii. 181, equipment.

Furr'd (*furred*), IV. ii. 49, made of skins with the fur out.

Gallow-glasses, IV. ix. 32, heavy-armed Irish foot-soldiers; Machb., I. ii. 19.

Geere (*gear*), I. iv. 16, III. i. 97, matter.

George, IV. i. 31, badge of a Knight of the Garter.

Ghost, III. ii. 176, dead body.

Gobbets, IV. i. 86, V. ii. 63, morsels, mouthfuls.

Gone out, I. iv. 6, flown after the game.

Graft, III. ii. 230, *grafted*, participle of *graft*; As You, III. ii. 117, Rich. III. III. vii. 136.

Groat, III. i. 122, fourpence.

Guiltless (*guiltless*), IV. vii. 103, modifies *blood*, not *shedding*.

Hale, IV. i. 132, viii. 61, draw, drag; 1 Hen. VI. i. i. 161.

Half-fac'd (*half-faced*), IV. i. 99, showing half the disk.

Hamper, I. iii. 154, entangle.

Happily, III. i. 251, *happily*, III. i. 258, perhaps.

Hardly, I. iv. 82, 83, *with* *difficulty*.

Have at, II. iii. 101, IV. x. 221, I aim, let me strike; *cf.* IV. viii. 65.

Head, IV. v. 12, an armed force; 1 Hen. VI. i. iv. 111.

Heaved, IV. x. 51, two syllables.

Heavie (*heavy*), III. ii. 3, sorrowful.

Hempen candle (*candle*), IV. ix. 91, hang-rope.

Her, II. iii. 52, 64, 'its,' not generally used till after.

Here, II. iv. 88, at this point.

Highnesse (*highness*), II. i. 214, the possessive ending often omitted with words ending in an 's' sound.

Hindes (*kinds*), III. ii. 295, IV. ii. 124, peasants.

Horse, IV. iii. 13, horse's; see *highnesse*.

Hose and doublet, IV. vii. 51, breeches and jacket, indoor dress.

Hours (*hour's*), III. ii. 409, felt for an hour.

Housed (*household*), V. i. 212, two syllables; family.

House-keeping, I. i. 199, hospitality.

Hoise (*hoist*), I. i. 176, hoist.

Humfrey, I. i. 201, three syllables, *Hum-fer-ce*.

I (*ay*), I. iv. 6, IV. x. 37, etc., yes.

Idly, III. i. 266, carelessly.

Ill-nurtur'd, I. ii. 44, ill-bred.

Images, I. iii. 63, two syllables, *Im' ges*.

Imprimis, I. i. 50, firstly.

Impugnes (*Impugns*), III. i. 292, objects to.

In, III. ii. 312, into; *in capite*, IV. vii. 123, four syllables, *cap-i-te*; by feudal tenure directly from the king.

Indigested, V. i. 167, shapeless.

Injurious, I. iv. 60, insolent.

Instance, III. ii. 174, proof.

Instinct, III. ii. 273, stress on second syllable.

Invenomed, III. ii. 290, four syllables.

Invoites nubibus, IV. i. 100, in spite of clouds.

GLOSSARY

- Mass**, I. i. 13, used with a plural subject that follows.
- Masse**, I. i. 56, likewise.
- Jaded**, IV. i. 52, low-conditioned.
- Jades**, IV. i. 5, ill-kept horses.
- Jarres** (*jars*), I. i. 265, *jarre*; I. viii. 46, quarreling, discord.
- Joy**, II. ii. 391, enjoy.
- Jordane** (*Jourdain*), I. ii. 78, stress on second syllable.
- Ken**, III. ii. 112, descry.
- Kennell** (*kennel*), IV. i. 72, gutter.
- Kernes**, III. i. 324, Irish foot-soldiers; Hen. V, III. vii. 56.
- Laid**, IV. x. 5, set with traps.
- Large**, I. i. 118, grand, high-sounding.
- Largy**, II. iv. 92, smile, favour.
- Lay**, V. ii. 31, wager.
- Leave**, II. i. 220, III. ii. 359, cease; 3 Hen. VI, II. ii. 176.
- Lesser**, IV. x. 47, less; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 7.
- Letters**, IV. ii. 99, documents.
- Loudly**, II. i. 205, wickedly.
- Lifesh**, I. i. 35, III. i. 173, dearest.
- Light**, I. iii. 93, alight.
- Like**, II. i. 11, V. i. 77, please.
- Limetwigs**, III. ii. 19, twigs smeared with bird-lime.
- Listen after**, I. iii. 159, try to hear about.
- Liv'd** (*lived*), III. ii. 427, would live.
- Loather**, III. ii. 381, more unwilling.
- Lodged**, III. ii. 191, beaten down; Rich. II, III. iii. 170.
- Lordings**, I. i. 152, lords; cf. Wint. Tale, I. ii. 76.
- Lym'd** (*limed*), I. iii. 91, smeared with bird-lime.
- Madding**, III. ii. 128, growing mad with love.
- Maine** (*main*), I. i. 218, main point; Ham., II. ii. 63.
- Main'd**, IV. ii. 164, maimed.
- Make**, IV. ii. 92, draw up.
- Mandrake**, III. ii. 334, mandragora, a plant supposed to cause madness and death.
- Map**, III. i. 113, drawing, picture; Rich. II, V. i. 15.
- Masse** (*Mass*), II. i. 126, by the mass, a mild asseveration.
- Mates**, III. i. 276, checkmates, foils.
- Me**, II. i. 136, 177, ethical dative; III. i. 26, 38, dative with the impersonal verb; ii. 81, accusative in exclamation; 83, dative, to me or mine.
- Mechanicall** (*mechanical*), I. iii. 207, mechanic, low fellow; Mids. Night Dr., III. i. 11.
- Mickle**, V. i. 185, great, much; 1 Hen. VI, V. i. 185.
- Minions**, I. iii. 87, favourites, obsequious followers; 3 Hen. VI, II. ii. 90.
- Minister**, III. i. 370, V. ii. 39, instrument, agent.
- Miscarry**, IV. viii. 52, perish; 1 Hen. VI, IV. iii. 18.
- Misdoubt**, III. i. 347, suspicion, want of confidence; 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. 214.
- Monuments**, III. ii. 368, IV. iii. 12, reminders, mementos.
- Morisco**, III. i. 380, moor, morris-dancer.
- Mortall** (*mortal*), III. ii. 286, deadly.
- Most master**, I. iii. 155, the one who is most in power.
- Naughtie** (*naughty*), II. i. 205, bad, good-for-nothing; Hen. VIII, V. i. 172.
- Newes** (*news*), III. ii. 408, for the plural use, cf. 1 Hen. IV, III. ii. 128.
- Nominate**, II. i. 167, name, apply names to.
- Notice**, III. i. 175, information.
- Numbers**, II. i. 46, bands, multitude; Hen. V, IV. i. 300.
- Obdurate**, IV. vii. 116, stress on second syllable; Rich. III, I. iii. 364.
- Obligations**, IV. ii. 92, contracts, bonds.
- Obsèques**, III. ii. 150, show of affection for the dead; 3 Hen. VI, I. iv. 157.
- Omitting**, III. ii. 410, neglecting.
- On**, II. i. 83, in.
- Opposites**, V. iii. 26, enemies.

SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Order, III. i. 334, measures, arrangements; II. 142, manner.

Ore (o'er)-weening, V. i. 161, presumptuous.

Out, IV. viii. 29, up.

Over-blown (blown), I. iii. 164, dispelled; Rich. III, II. iv. 6.

Over-charged, III. ii. 357, 404, four syllables.

Packing, III. i. 357, ii. 122, departing in haste; I Hen. IV, II. iv. 290.

Pageant, I. ii. 70, three syllables.

Palmer's, V. i. 103, of a pilgrim to the Holy Land.

Part, V. ii. 40, party.

Particular, IV. ii. 113, private, as opposed to *generall*, I. 112.

Particularities, V. ii. 49, anything not meant for general use.

Passe (pass), IV. ii. 131, regard, care.

Passed, III. ii. 237, two syllables.

Patience, II. iv. 76, three syllables.

Patient, I. iii. 68, three syllables.

Percussorie (peremptory), III. i. 11, stress on first syllable.

Period, III. i. 158, end; I Hen. VI, IV. ii. 20.

Perish, III. ii. 111, destroy.

Pernicious (pernicious), II. i. 24, four syllables.

Fine gelidus .. artus, IV. i. 118, the first word corrupt, perhaps, for *perne* 'almost': the rest, 'chill fear seized the limbs.'

Pinnace, IV. i. 11, small sailing vessel.

Plainness (blainness), I. i. 199, 'frankness'; Hen. V, I. ii. 250.

Pleased, IV. x. 24, two syllables.

Plot, II. ii. 66, spot, piece of ground.

Pointing stock, II. iv. 54, object to be pointed at; cf. *laughing stock*.

Porpoentine, III. i. 378, porcupine; Tro. & Cres., II. l. 25.

Port, IV. i. 21, style, appearance.

Posted, III. i. 266, slurred; cf. 3 Hen. VI, IV. viii. 43.

Pot, IV. ii. 66, drinking vessel.

Pound, III. ii. 16, singular regularly used with words of measure after a numeral; a Hen. IV, I. ii. 198; III. ii. 247.

Power, IV. iv. 47, armed force; Hen. VI, I. iv. 114.

Practise (practice), III, ii. 29, plotting, treachery.

Practis'd (practised), II. i. 209, plotted.

Prmised, V. ii. 46, three syllables; sent before the time.

Presence, IV. vii. 31, presents, a legal term.

Present, V. iii. 29, immediate.

Presumption, I. ii. 36, four syllables.

Pretty, III. ii. 105, prettily; either adverbial or part of a compound participle with *vaulting*.

Priest, III. i. 283, father-confessor.

Procession, II. i. 83, four syllables.

Procurator, I. i. 10, proxy.

Proefe (proof), IV. ii. 61, 'proved strength,' Rich. II, I. iii. 79, and 'hard wear.'

Proper, IV. ii. 94, fine-appearing.

Proportion, I. iii. 57, four syllables; shape, figure.

Published, III. ii. 22, three syllables.

Puissant, IV. ix. 31, two syllables, (*puer-ssant*); strong.

Pursivant (pursuivant), I. iii. 35, state messenger.

Putlocks, (puttock's), III. ii. 26, kite's, (a bird of prey).

Pyck (pitch), II. i. 8, height of a falcon's flight.

Queint (quaint), III. ii. 298, artful.

Quill, I. iii. 5, for coil, tumult.

Quillets, III. i. 272, subtleties, petty considerations; I Hen. VI, II. iv. 21.

Quier (quire), I. iii. 92, choir.

Quitting, III. ii. 234, absolving, freeing.

Rackt (racked), I. iii. 135, harassed by exactions.

Rascall (rascal), II. iv. 55, worthless; originally an adjective as here, and applied to lean deer.

Raught, II. iii. 49, reached, handed over; Ant. & Cleo., IV. ix. 37.

Racing (rasing), I. i. 108, erasing.

Reave, V. i. 108, rob, deprive.

Reent, IV. viii. 15, soften, yield.

Remorse, IV. vii. 106, compassion.

GLOSSARY

Remorseful (*remorseful*), IV. i. 4, compassionate.
Rehomed, V. i. 187, three syllables.
Repaying, V. iii. 26, recuperative.
Repeal (*repeal*), III. ii. 375, recall from exile; Two Gen. of Ver., V. i. 2.
Reprove, III. i. 43, refute.
Reputing, I. i. 51, boasting.
Restitution, I. i. 347, five syllables.
Respecting, III. i. 27, considering.
Revenues (*revenues*), I. iii. 83, stress on second syllable.
Reverence, V. ii. 53, old age.
Revolt, IV. ii. 127, turn back; 1 Hen. VI, V. ii. 6.
Roast (*roast*), I. i. 116, not understood; perhaps, *roost*, hen-roost.

Sack, II. iii. 71, Spanish or Canary wine.
Salle, IV. i. 9, salad; 12, helmet.
Sancta majestas, V. i. 7, *sáncta ma-jés-tas*, sacred majesty.
Sawes (*saws*), I. iii. 61, sayings.
Say, IV. vii. 27, a kind of satin.
Scathe, II. iv. 70, hurt, injury.
Score, IV. viii. 37, notch on a tally-stick, to keep accounts.
Shearman (*shearman*), IV. ii. 135, taylor.
Shrewd, II. iii. 47, bad, ugly; 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 204.
Silly, I. i. 237, helpless.
Since, III. i. 12, when; so used with verbs of remembering; 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 199.
Sir, I. ii. 71, a clerical title of respect; as you, III. iii. 37.
Skills, III. i. 292, matters; Tw. Night, V. i. 304.
Slough, III. i. 240, skin of a snake.
Smart, III. ii. 351, sharp, painful.
Smoothing, I. i. 163, flattering.
Smooth's it, II. i. 25, flatterest.
So, V. i. 56, if only.
Sometime, II. iv. 50, sometimes.
Sophister, V. i. 202, unfair reasoner.
Sort, II. i. 205, III. ii. 301, company.
Sort, I. ii. 111, fall out; Much Ado, V. iv. 8; II. iv. 76, adapt; Two Gen. of Ver., I. iii. 66.

Souldiers (*soldiers*), III. i. 342, three syllables.
Span-counter, IV. ii. 159, a game of throwing counters.
Spirits, II. i. 212, one syllable.
Spleenful (*spleenful*), III. ii. 141, eager, impetuous.
Split, III. ii. 440, split; Ant. & Cleo., V. i. 30.
Spoyle (*spoil*), IV. iv. 61, plunder.
Sprays (*sprays*), II. iii. 51, branches.
Starved, III. i. 358, two syllables; benumbed with cold.
State, IV. 23, estate, manner of living.
Statue (*Statua*), III. ii. 91, three syllables, *sta-tu-a*; cf. Rich. III, III. vii. 26.
Stays (*stays*), II. iv. 85, ends.
Starv'd (*starved*), I. i. 142, starved; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 147.
Still, III. i. 250, continually.
Stomachs (*stomachs*), II. i. 66, angry feelings.
Strait, III. ii. 281, strict, straiter; III. ii. 25, more severely.
Stray, IV. x. 26, vagabond.
Strength, III. i. 395, army.
Stygmatike (*stigmatic*), V. i. 226, stress on first syllable; deformed one.
Style, I. i. 118, list of titles.
Subornation, III. i. 48, five syllables; instigation.
Suborned, III. i. 189, three syllables; bribed.
Subscribe, III. i. 41, yield; 1 Hen. VI, II. iv. 48.
Suddenly, II. ii. 75, immediately, off-hand.
Suffer'd (*suffered*), III. ii. 285, allowed to remain, V. i. 163, allowed to do as he wishes.
Suffocate, I. i. 131, suffocated.
Suspect, I. iii. 143, III. ii. 152, suspicion.
Suspence (*suspect*), III. i. 149, suspicion.
Sworder, IV. i. 136, gladiator.

Tainture (*tainture*), II. i. 226, disgrace of treason.
Take my death, II. iii. 100, swear by my death.

SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Tally, IV. vii. 37, stick for keeping an account by notches.

Tantaine, etc., II. i. 28, are there such passions in celestial hearts?

Temper, III. i. 325, moisten, soften; Lear, I. iv. 295.

Tender, III. i. 288, have a care for; Rich. II. I. i. 37.

That, I. iv. 35, would that; III. i. 15, so that; IV. x. 23, that what.

Thorough, IV. i. 82, through.

Thrice-famed, III. ii. 172, three syllables.

Tickle, I. i. 228, ticklish, unsafe.

Tickled, I. iii. 160, irritated.

Timelesse (timeless), III. ii. 202, untimely; 1 Hen. VI. V. iv. 6.

Timely-parted, III. ii. 176, that died a natural death.

To, III. i. 67, compared to.

Towards, III. ii. 101, one syllable, *tords*.

Towree (tower), II. i. 12, soar; John, V. x. 155.

Toyle (toil), I. i. 90, use hard; Ham, I. i. 88.

Treasure (treasury), I. iii. 138, treasure.

Trencher, IV. i. 58, wooden plate.

Trowest, II. iv. 46, thinkest.

Turnble, I. ii. 50, transitive, make to fall.

Turmoyled (turmoiled), IV. x. 17, three syllables.

Unbowed, III. i. 19, three syllables.

Uncivil (uncivil), III. i. 324, wild.

Uneath (uneath), II. iv. 11, not easily.

Vantages, I. i. 138, advantages.

Verge, I. iv. 24, circle; Rich. III. IV. i. 60.

Villiago, IV. viii. 51, three syllables, stress on second, coward.

Vowed, III. i. 230, two syllables.

Voyding (voiding), lobby, IV. i. 62, anteroom.

Waft, IV. i. 115, carry; 3 Hen. VI. III. iii. 283.

Walter, IV. i. 33, pronounced *water*.

Ward, V. i. 118, person.

Warning (warning), IV. x. 21, waning, loss of power.

Waxen, III. ii. 87, with the cars stopped.

Were, V. i. 207, *wert*, II. i. 220, originally an impersonal verb with the pronoun in the dative.

Well said, III. i. 10, well done; Oth., II. i. 192.

What, III. i. 116, who; 141, whatever.

Where, III. ii. 422, whereas; 288, whether.

Where as (whereas), I. ii. 61, where.

While as (whilcas), I. i. 237, while.

Who, III. ii. 140, whom; IV. viii. 18, whoever.

Whom, III. ii. 371, which.

Wink (wink), II. i. 132, shut the eyes; Hen. V. II. i. 7.

Wiped, IV. x. 70, two syllables.

With you, II. i. 57, I understand.

Woe, III. ii. 83, adjectively, sorrowful; Temp., V. i. 161.

Worne (worms), III. ii. 286, snake.

Worne (worn), II. iv. 77, exhausted.

Would, II. iii. 25, would have, demands.

Wrest, III. i. 105, twist, do violence to; *wrested*, III. I. 121, took wrongfully.

Yclad, I. i. 40, clothed, adorned.

Yet, II. iv. 73, even then.

Ynck (inck), I. iv. 54, nick of time.

